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A CHURCH ON WHEELS

REV. C. H. RUST

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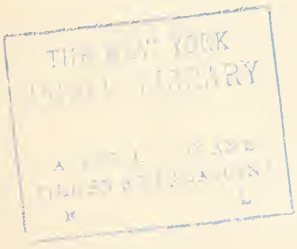
A CHURCH ON WHEELS



Rev. C. H. Rust

A CHURCH ON WHEELS

OR

Ten Years on a Chapel Car

By

CHARLES HERBERT RUST

PHILADELPHIA
American Baptist Publication Society
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From the Society's own Press

To my Mother

WHOSE LOVE FOR AND DEVOTION TO HER GOD AND HER FAMILY HAVE GIVEN TO ME SOME OF THE SWEETEST AND LOFTIEST INSPIRATIONS OF MY LIFE AND

To my Sister

WHOSE SPIRIT OF PATIENCE AND TRUST DURING THESE YEARS OF HER SUFFERING HAS HELPED ME TO BEAR ALL THINGS AND ENDURE ALL THINGS AS I HAVE SOUGHT TO LABOR FOR MY MASTER I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS STORY OF TEN YEARS OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

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PREFACE

IN response to a request which has come from some of my friends, I write of God's leadings during ten years of service on "Glad Tidings." Of necessity the personal pronoun will be often used in this story, but in all humility. Both Mrs. Rust and myself ascribe all the glory for what has been accomplished to our blessed Lord, as he through his Holy Spirit has used us to help many needy souls in the great Northwest. As we have thought of our own weaknesses and failings we have stood amazed before God as he has so evidently blessed the truth when sung and spoken by us.

After Paul's first missionary journey he returned to Antioch to the church there and rehearsed all the things that God had done (Acts 14 : 27), so in this volume I shall endeavor to do the same, and I trust the reader will constantly remember that this is a story of what God has done through his appointed agents. It is his work.

We want the Christian public, and particularly the Baptist denomination, to know more about the chapel cars. While I am enthusiastic over the possibilities of this form of Christian work, I would not unwisely attempt to place it on too high a plane, but rather ask the reader to calmly consider the

facts regarding it. This is surely one of the successful forms of evangelistic service of the twentieth century.

These pages have been written during a few weeks of a very busy season, when I have been holding from forty to fifty meetings a month, therefore I trust the reader will not be too harsh in his criticism of the literary merit of this book. I have endeavored to tell the experiences of our ten years of service in simple language for the purpose of enlightening those who read, regarding the chapel-car movement, and with the sincere prayer that the story of these years may encourage many a heart, and help more than one life onward toward God and righteousness.

C. H. R.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., May 31, 1905.

INTRODUCTION

THE chapel car service is a unique method in modern evangelization. The cars have not only awakened the curiosity and interest of the people, but for fourteen years have been great engines for good. They have had the universal approval of the Christian public. Their story is a simple one. The inceptive idea grew in the mind and heart of Dr. Wayland Hoyt through a visit in the West with his railroad brother, Colgate Hoyt, Esq. Boston W. Smith, known as "Uncle Boston," with energy and wisdom brought the idea to an issue in the first car, "Evangel." From the inception in 1890 until now Uncle Boston has been the manager of the chapel cars, and to him the American Baptist Publication Society and the denomination are greatly indebted for the success of this branch of service. But God has given the Society rare men and women as missionaries who have done the most heroic work in the spirit of the Master. There are six cars like this one, "Glad Tidings," and the band of workers on these cars feel that they are a family; they call themselves "the Chapel-car Family." They have had frequent meetings together for consultation and service, and the influences of these meetings are a perpetual benediction in each heart. God has put

his seal upon the labors of these his servants. Over fourteen thousand persons have professed conversion in the car meetings since 1891. Dotting the Southern and Western plains stand nearly one hundred and fifty meeting-houses which have grown out of the chapel-car service. Whole communities have been transformed by their evangelistic meetings. The railroads have been most generous in their gifts of transportation and many other things which have made the work successful; the cars have been of great service to railroad men in the shops and elsewhere.

Rev. C. H. Rust and wife have been ten years in the service of the Society on the car "Glad Tidings." Their labors have been preeminently successful, and their names are fragrant in the West because of their good deeds in the Master's name. We are glad to give a God-speed and a blessing to this little book which records the experiences of ten years, and pray that its reading may stimulate many hearts, not only to help this work and to aid the Society substantially to carry it forward, but to consecrated service to Him whose kingdom we seek to extend.

ROBERT G. SEYMOUR,
Missionary and Bible Secretary.

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A Church on Wheels

I

ENTERING THE CHAPEL-CAR SERVICE

PROBABLY it will be well for me to introduce some of my readers to the origin of the chapel-car movement, before I state how Mrs. Rust and I came to enter it. Many are very familiar with the events clustering around the inauguration of this idea of having "churches on wheels" to aid in modern evangelistic efforts.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt, then pastor of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, was riding with his brother, Mr. Colgate Hoyt, along a line of railroad in the West, when he noted the numerous small and churchless towns that they passed. He suggested to his brother that the officials ought to build a chapel car, *i. e.*, a car equipped as a church, with living rooms added, and allow it to be sidetracked in the small towns for religious meetings. The suggestion was acted upon very soon after, and six prominent Baptist railroad men built the first chapel car, really as an experiment, and presented it to the American Baptist Publication

Society. Since then five cars have been built and all are now in service.[1]

No. 1, "Evangel," is in Indian Territory. No. 2, "Emmanuel," is on the Pacific coast. No. 3, "Glad Tidings," the one we have charge of, is in the Northwest. No. 4, "Goodwill," is in Colorado. No. 5, "Messenger of Peace," is in Missouri, and No. 6, "Herald of Hope," is in Michigan.

I have learned that previous to the building of our first car, Bishop Walker, of Fargo, North Dakota, had remodeled a coach into a chapel car, and he, a devout and evangelistic Episcopalian, had gone in it to many towns on the prairies of North Dakota, and given the people in those destitute places the privileges of religious meetings.

However, I understand that his car has been taken away from railroad use, and is now serving the purpose of a little meeting-house in some town in the Northwest. I have also ascertained that the Greek Church has five chapel cars on the great Siberian Railroad. Whether they are in continued service or not I am not sure.

In 1892 I began my Christian ministry as pastor's assistant at the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. Dr. Robert MacDonald, now of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., was then pastor, and I had delightful fellowship with him and his church for about two years. Mrs. Rust, who was Miss Bertha Smart at this time, was the Sunday-school missionary at the

[1] At this writing, May, 1905.

Tabernacle Baptist Church of Boston, Mass. We were married at the Tabernacle Church, in December, ~~1903~~ 1899, Doctor MacDonald tying the knot, as Doctor Calley, her pastor, was sick, and Mrs. Rust came to help me in my labors with the Warren Avenue people.

At a meeting of the deacons which was held the following April it was voted to suggest to the church that it send Mr. and Mrs. Rust to the May meetings at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. We appreciated this very much and enjoyed a delayed wedding trip to Saratoga.

Chapel Car "Glad Tidings," No. 3, a gift of Mr. Wm. Hills, of New York, had been in process of construction during the winter, and was at Saratoga for dedication. Well do I remember our first visit to it. It was a rainy, dismal morning, and, of course, the inside could not present so cheery an appearance as it would on a sunny day. We found Rev. E. B. Edmunds, the faithful Sunday-school missionary from Wisconsin, in charge, and he was trying to cook some oatmeal for breakfast on a stove that did not seem to have any heating power. As we met him he said, "I have been over an hour trying to get a little lunch here." As we passed out at the other door I exclaimed, "Well, I rather pity the missionaries who are to live on that car." Little did we think that in four months we would be the missionaries on that very car.

We returned from the meetings to Boston and started in with our work at Warren Avenue. While

I was leading the singing and Mrs. Rust was at the piano at the next Friday evening prayer meeting, we were surprised to see Mr. Boston W. Smith and Dr. C. H. Spalding walk in and down to the platform, where Doctor MacDonald greeted them. Uncle Boston had some pictures of the chapel car under his arm, and both of them had come for the sole purpose of talking chapel-car work. They whispered to Doctor MacDonald and soon I was called on to speak, the pastor requesting that I tell the church what parts of the May meetings impressed me most. I arose and said that foreign missions appealed to me more than any other work which was represented there, and next to that came the chapel car. Others spoke, and were followed by Doctor Spalding and Uncle Boston.

After the meeting Uncle Boston, who is now General Manager of the Chapel-car Work, came to us and said he would like to see us and have a talk the next morning. He came to the church study first, and told me he wanted to know if we would consider taking charge of "Glad Tidings." I told him that we had better walk to the house and talk it over with Mrs. Rust. We had a prayerful conference together, after which Uncle Boston left us, advising us to consider it from all points of view, giving us three months to settle it in.

The last days of the time were fast going. It must be settled. Mrs. Rust went to one room and I went to another. On our knees we told the Lord we would go anywhere he would have us go;

MRS. C. H. RUST

we only wanted to be sure. One verse, Isa. 1 : 19, kept coming before me—"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." We came together and expressed our mutual convictions that God wanted us to go and that we were willing. So we wrote that we would accept the position of missionaries on "Glad Tidings," and plans were immediately made to leave Warren Avenue and sell all of our furniture. We were cosily situated, and the people of Warren Avenue were very kind to us and it was hard to get away.

One of the sweetest expressions of love that our beloved Dr. A. J. Gordon ever gave to us, one that revealed the greatness of his heart as he ever sought to do the little act of kindness for those whom he knew, and one that has perfumed with sweet fragrance our entire work on the chapel car, was manifested on our last Sunday night in Boston.

Doctor MacDonald had asked me to preach a farewell sermon, and we had enjoyed a pleasant after-meeting with hundreds of our friends. We were shaking hands and expressing our farewell words to them, when to my surprise, Doctor Gordon stood by us. He had made the special effort after a busy Sunday to get to us that he might take our hands and say "God bless you." To think of his thoughtfulness of us! Yet he was always great and noble in ever putting forth his hand to touch in truest sympathy and interest those of us who were so small and insignificant. Oh, how we praise God we ever met him! We have felt that hand-shake

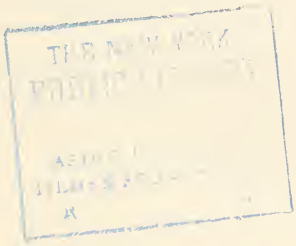
many times since. We have seen the kindly expression in those eyes as he looked upon us when he pressed the hand and said "God bless you," many times in our years of toil on the chapel car.

People in Boston told us that we could never endure the blizzards and cold of the West. They pictured the sufferings that we would certainly have to pass through. And I confess all was very dark to us, because we had never been west of New York, and while I knew Chicago and Minneapolis were excellent cities, yet what we might find west of them frightened us.

About fifty of our Boston friends, including my beloved mother, came down to the old Boston and Albany station to see us off. There were a few tears, but the greater number were happy, and we were conscious of God's promised blessing and determined to follow where he would lead.

We had a delightful trip to Chicago, and to our great surprise the trip from Chicago to Minneapolis was made even more delightful, because of the pleasant accommodations and beautiful apartments of that magnificent electric-lighted train on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. This was the only one then between the Twin Cities and Chicago, and we had seen nothing in the East to compare with it.

Uncle Boston met us in Minneapolis and piloted us to his home, where a cordial welcome awaited us. We immediately found other friends in Minneapolis, and all whom we met seemed to be anxious



EXTERIOR OF THE CAR "GLAD TIDINGS"

to make everything pleasant for us. I want to say to any and all who may read these words, that it always pays to say "Yes" to God. He is our Friend, our Father, and it is impossible to conceive of an earthly father doing more for his children than our God wants to do for us.

As I look back over these ten years I am conscious that there has been some hardship, some sacrifices, some real hard work, but the compensations of the Holy Spirit have been rich and abundant, and God's blessings, like flowers, have been strewn along the pathway.

We had no conception of what God was leading us into when we said "Yes" to him. In full consciousness of the strenuous life, of the valleys and shadows and the inconvenience of being without a home for years, we can honestly say that if God had revealed all that this life was to mean before we started, we would have said "Yes" much quicker than we did. No amount of money could pay for the experiences of this decade of years nor take the place of the vision that God has given to me of himself, of man, of what man can be, and of the glorious opportunities of Christian service.

I was anxious to go down to the chapel car, and therefore Uncle Boston and I went together to look over the church and parsonage in which Mrs. Rust and I were to labor for so many years, and perhaps I had better describe it for the benefit of some of my readers.

It is a handsome car and is certainly a worthy

addition to any train. It is seventy-seven feet long and eleven feet wide.

On the top of the side you could see the words "Chapel Car," and in the center of the side the name "Glad Tidings," both in letters of gold. There is an eaves-trough on the roof with hose attachment, so that the water tanks can be filled with soft water during the greater part of the year. Under the car you will find boxes to hold thirty-five hundred pounds of coal, storm sash and screens, oil stove and oven, and provisions and books and tracts. You will also find a ladder and a storm door and four screen doors hanging under the floor.

As you step into the chapel you are amazed at the size, for there is an audience room fifty-two feet long and capable of seating more than one hundred people. We have often had one hundred and seventy-five children in this room. The seats are arranged for three on one side and two on the other, with a narrow aisle between. Some one asked one of our missionaries why they had it thus arranged for three on one side and two on the other, and he answered, "Because they decided that it was easier to do that than to put two and a half on each side."

At the other end of the audience room you would see an excellent Estey organ (the Estey Company donating one to each of our cars), a beautiful brass lectern, a blackboard, and a library belonging to the missionary, and one filled with books to loan in small towns. The aisle is carpeted, rugs are on

the pulpit platform, and the car is wired for electric lighting, has kerosene lamps, and is now fitted with an acetylene gas plant.

As we step from the chapel toward the living rooms we find ourselves in a miniature parsonage, eighteen feet long and ten feet wide. In this space we have a bedroom with two berths, a dining room with table, a study with typewriter, desk, and library, a kitchen with range and closet, an ice chest, pantry, wardrobe, toilet room, and heater to heat the entire car with.

The chapel car in all its apartments could hardly be improved upon. Nothing is extravagant, yet everything substantial. As one general manager of a railroad said when he saw it, "Just right for its purpose," so I exclaimed more than once as Uncle Boston led me through it. Everything needed for our comfort seemed to be there. Mr. Wm. Hills, who gave the car, is a member of the Mt. Morris Baptist Church, of New York City, W. C. Bitting, D. D., pastor, and how fitting and kind it was for this church to pay for all the interior furnishings of the car and to promise to keep it furnished as long as it should be in use. They have done as they agreed, and whenever any money has been needed to buy rugs or carpets or make interior improvements, they have gladly responded through Mrs. E. S. Clinch, the treasurer of the Women's Society of the church. Before leaving the car upon my first visit after arriving in Minneapolis, Uncle Boston and I kneeled in the little study

and committed ourselves entirely to Him, as we earnestly prayed for God's blessing upon the labors of the missionaries who were to work in this beautiful church on wheels. We held a reception in the car during the State Convention, which was then convening in the Emmanuel Baptist Church, of Minneapolis, and met many of the prominent Baptist pastors and laymen of Minnesota.

We have since learned that the consensus of opinion among the people was that we would endure chapel-car life but a short time. One Minneapolis pastor told a friend of ours that it was a downright shame that the Publication Society should allow two weak and sickly young people like us to take charge of the car and engage in such arduous labor. I think if he should see us now, with our two children, he would think that we have endured the work very well. Mrs. Rust has gained twenty pounds and I have gained about fifteen. It isn't work that hurts, it is worry.

After the State Convention we filled our chapel-car pantry with a good stock of provisions and started on a short trip along the Minnesota division of the Northern Pacific Railway, getting as far north as Crookston, where I am at this minute as I pen these lines, just ten years and two months after.

That first trip was exceedingly trying. It was all new to us. For a number of days we had been sleeping in the car in the Minneapolis freight yards but the switching engines made it almost impossible to rest. We stopped at Brainerd the next week

and the switching engines bothered us much there. Then the next week we were sidetracked behind the coal chute at Staples, and as they loaded the engines about all night we could not sleep much there. If this had continued in every town we would have been obliged to get a room outside, but in the small towns we were not bothered much. We returned to Minneapolis after a month's trip to get the car fitted out with storm windows for the winter, and with a consciousness that we had actually begun a life on the car which was to open up many opportunities for service in the Master's name.

II

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

THE matter of transportation is very important to the success of chapel-car service. In taking this up with the railroads it necessarily brought us into direct contact with the presidents and officials of our great Western railroad systems, and we are glad to state that, with rarely an exception, we have found them to be courteous gentlemen, anxious to do the right thing for their men, for the towns along their lines, and for the general public. We have no sympathy with those who think they are shrewd when they attempt to get the best of a railroad company in the matter of transportation. We fear that much of the dealing with these companies which is called smart is nothing more nor less than stealing. While it is true that the railway companies are far from being perfect, yet they are not soulless corporations in every instance, and many of them are headed by conscientious Christian gentlemen. At times they have been deceived by some who professed to be right and true, and it has been our policy since the beginning of chapel-car work to be perfectly frank and honest with them. We have asked them to look into our work from every point of view and

examine every detail of service along the line, giving us no consideration that we are not worthy of.

It is the rule of the companies to grant no passes except for some consideration. If the chapel-car work could not show where it really helped the company and its towns we were doomed. We are glad to state that the efficiency and benefit of the service rendered through the chapel car has been almost universally acknowledged in railroad circles.

There were many questions in the minds of the denomination when the Publication Society accepted the first chapel car. It was considered by some to be the result of the dreaming of an impractical mind; by others it was styled a "white elephant," by others "Uncle Boston's Toy," and even the most enthusiastic questioned its permanent usefulness under the most favorable conditions. It certainly was an experiment. It was one thing to have a car; it was another to get it hauled. If it could not be hauled at a small sum per mile how could it be used? And when we consider the fact that the universal price charged by railroad companies for hauling a car is fifty-four cents a mile, and that those who gave the first car, although being railroad officials, would not guarantee to use their influence toward getting reduced rates for the car, what could the most sanguine expect?

Very fortunately the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Boston W. Smith, of Minneapolis, with instructions to ascertain what the railroad companies would do. After much prayer he took some

pictures of the car to the office of the general manager of one of the great Western systems controlling five thousand miles of track, and after explaining the purpose of the car and the nature of the work very carefully to this man, asked him what his company could do for it. After thinking it over this official pressed a button ; a clerk came in, and he told him to issue a free pass over all divisions, good for Boston W. Smith and assistant, and car "Evangel," with special instructions to trainmen to make it as pleasant as possible for Mr. Smith.

It was difficult for Uncle Boston to find words with which to express himself, as he tried to thank this general manager. As he accepted the pass from the clerk, and walked out of the office, he was overwhelmingly convinced that God's hand was in this. Ever since that day Mr. Smith has proven himself a great help to the entire chapel-car movement by his ability to talk with and interest railroad officials in the work. God alone knows how much has been accomplished in the matter of transportation by his prayerful, tactful, personal contact with railroad men. We owe much to him. However, each chapel-car missionary has had much to do with transportation matters. It is well for the missionary to meet the officials and know them and for them to know him.

It is also true that much depends upon the personal character of the railroad official with whom he is to deal. If that man is a conscientious Christian, or recognizes the moral benefit derived from

Christ's teachings being inculcated in the minds of his men, he will be much more favorably impressed with the chapel car than one who has no tolerance for religion. Let me add, however, that there has never been a time previous to the present when railroad companies were so free to recognize the demand and need for moral character among their employees as to-day. They are enforcing rules regarding drinking and frequenting saloons that would not have been tolerated a few years ago. Therefore the power of the chapel-car with their own men is more easily seen.

We must not think that this proves that all the railroads of the country have been throwing passes into our hands without being asked and earnestly reasoned with. We generally have to work for what we get in this world. I want to state also that some railroad companies have not understood what basis our work stood on. I was in the office of an official of a very large Western system not long ago. During our conversation he said, "Why you have a great deal of wealth back of your chapel car, haven't you?" I answered, "No, sir. We depend entirely upon the contributions from churches and individuals." "Oh, yes," he said, "I recognize that, but there is one particular individual, is there not?" He believed that a certain wealthy and prominent Baptist was forwarding the money to pay our bills, including transportation.

I remember taking two pictures of my car and calling at the office of the general manager of a

"system" whose main offices were in St. Paul, Minn. He was not particularly cordial but was gentlemanly in his manner toward me. After looking at the pictures, and noting my request to have his company haul the car, he turned toward me and said rather abruptly, "I would not have that car on my line for three months for any amount of money." I then said to him, "I think you misunderstand my request and the work of the car when you answer in this way. I appreciate the many calls you have from religious organizations for special transportation, and that this at first thought seems to be an unreasonable request, as the car might be in the way of traffic on your line, but I do not come to you as one who wants something for nothing, but as a man with a reasonable and Christian business project to present to you, and, if after explaining it more fully and answering all of your questions concerning it, you can honestly say that our work is not worthy of your consideration, and your company will not be benefited enough to pay for the hauling of the car, then I do not want you to grant me any special transportation."

He called in another official and we had a long, frank talk. I answered all their questions the best I could, and told them of our side-tracking the car at the shops for a noonday meeting for the railroad men. I reminded them that the theatre and circus cars stop at the town to take money out, and had, many times at least, a bad effect upon the people

of the town and the railroad men who handled the car, but we stopped in the town to help the people morally and to leave money there in church buildings, etc. I also told them of the work of the car in a new community where there were saloons and no church. How we had gone to towns like that and stayed until the whole moral atmosphere of the town was changed and a meeting-house was erected and paid for. Then I informed them of our personal touch with their men along all the line; of the many railroad men whose lives had been changed from sin to righteousness.

This general manager finally said, "Well, Mr. Rust, we will think it over, and if you will call tomorrow we will see what we can do for you." I thanked him, told him I would call the next day, and after a pleasant farewell word, left the office.

I had left the building and was standing on the corner of the street waiting for a car, when a colored man stepped up to me. He asked if I was the young man who had been talking with the general manager. I answered, "Yes, sir." "Well," he continued, "I was behind a door in the office and heard your talk, and I want to tell you that you will git your pass all right, never you fear; now you see if you don't." His eye twinkled, and he revealed a fine set of white teeth as he smiled, and I confess that his words made me hopeful.

I called the next day, and sure enough the general manager gave me a time pass, and as I told him to have his men watch our movements and

work along his line, he expressed a wish that we might be successful in our undertakings. Since then he has been very kind to us and granted us transportation many times for special trips.

Our annual passes read in nearly every instance, "Pass C. H. Rust and assistant." These are good on any train, thus enabling me to get home to see my loved ones without drawing on the "missionary fund." The car is moved under special orders each time. Trip passes generally read, "Pass C. H. Rust, car, and party."

We are very careful never to abuse our privileges in any way. The railway companies trust us, and we surely want them to continue to do so. We have had people come to us a number of times and ask if they could not ride with us. One man wanted us to put him under the seats. Our answer is always "No."

We never make any "demands" as to what train the car is to be hauled on. The division superintendent decides which is the most convenient, and we acquiesce. On long hauls we use the passenger trains and on short hauls freight trains.

DIFFICULTY

One matter of transportation has bothered us considerably. It is the question of how to get side-track privileges for a number of days or weeks without becoming a nuisance to the company's men, as they are obliged to switch the cars on the house or industry track every day, and there isn't an extra

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track to be found in every small town. The fact of hauling the car did not bother the officials much; it was the question of how they could allow us to be on a side-track for any great length of time without seriously hindering them in the prosecution of their business. It is generally known among shippers and those who receive much freight, that the company charges two dollars for every twenty-four hours after the first forty-eight hours that a loaded box car is left on the track, and oftentimes ten dollars for a theatre or circus car. Thus you see that the railroads are very considerate to allow us to stay at all. It is only because of their desire to do all they can to help on a good cause.

Noting this difficulty I conferred with the officials, and asked them if they could not have their section men build a short spur from the side-track and run my car on to it, then swing the side-track back into place and leave the chapel car on rails of its own, out of the way of all traffic.

In answer to my request orders were given to have it done. It costs the company about eight dollars to build the track and take it up again when we leave town. We have offered to pay for it but they have never sent in any bill yet, and they have done this for us many times. This spur is only built when we stay in a town a long time, in order to erect a church or make the work permanent. It certainly obviates the difficulty and makes it far more pleasant for the missionaries and the railroad men.

All of this goes to show that if the railroad companies understand what our service really is there is hardly any limit to what they will do for us. Many, many times they have contributed much more than transportation to the building up of the new towns on their lines. They have hauled the lumber for the church buildings in carload lots free, a number of times, and in other ways have shown their interest in our work.

When we stop to think that for fifteen years they have hauled our cars free, nearly fifty different railroads thus assisting us, and also realize how much this would have cost if we had paid mileage even at a reduced rate, I for one feel profoundly grateful to them, and I know if we could get into one mass meeting all of the people in the towns where the chapel cars have visited, together with the whole Baptist denomination, they would to an individual arise to vote most hearty thanks to these railroad corporations. We certainly do appreciate it.

CONCLUSIONS

Our experiences with the railway companies in this matter of transportation reveal much that pleases us.

(1) That God is leading. (2) That the railway companies are interested in the moral welfare of their employees and the towns along the line. (3) That the officials of the companies recognize it is a fair business proposition to haul our cars free

in consideration of the work done. (4) That the railway companies acknowledge the power of the chapel-car service in developing their new towns in the right direction. (5) That practical railway men do not deem our work at all visionary or unpractical. (6) That many of our great transportation companies are manned by men of character and sterling worth who are interested in every good cause.

III

DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

IN this department we will endeavor to introduce our readers to something of our home life while on the chapel car. The parsonage on the car is fitted up to live in every day as one would in a home ; it is not simply to travel in. We have given the size of our apartments. The main living room, which is bedroom, study, parlor, and dining room, has just nine square feet of open space. The kitchen is four and one-half feet square, and in this there is a steel range, an ice chest, and a china closet. One will easily see that the parsonage is compressed and condensed into the smallest space possible, so that the audience room could be made as large as possible. Many times we have had visitors from cities come to the car and they have exclaimed, "Oh, how romantic, how delightful to travel like this!" They have in mind a trip of a few days rather than making the car a home.

Nevertheless, when we have been side-tracked in some small town in the Minnesota woods or on Dakota prairies, and have seen how the people are obliged to live in their small shanties and houses, we have often thanked God for the small yet cozy quarters in our home on wheels.

At first we found it rather hard to adjust ourselves to the size of our apartments. Everything seemed to be in the way and we were always in each other's way. We were both liable to do everything a little too quickly, and this gave us no end of trouble. We found we did not have room to jump from one thing to another unless we took very short leaps. At the end of the first three months we had numberless bruises, because of our running into sharp corners and things in general. I hit my knee on one door jamb, and my head on one corner so often during the first year that I was never without either a sore head or a lame knee. Once when rushing from the parsonage to the chapel I struck my head so hard on the small closet near the door, that I dropped to the floor like a felled ox and almost lost consciousness. I know it was my fault, I should not move so quickly. I have thought these accidents may have done some good, however, by rousing some lazy brain cells into activity.

I do not want to present any darker picture of chapel-car domestic life than I ought, for we have often been exceedingly grateful for our beautiful quarters in the car. However, the parsonage on the car could hardly be called a home. It was more of a business office for the Lord's busy missionaries. We had practically no privacy. A woman would feel this more than a man perhaps. It was exceedingly hard for Mrs. Rust. We were seldom allowed to be alone. Mrs. Rust had no

room or closet she could call her own, no dresser on which to lay pins, ribbons, and numerous other belongings. The only place was my desk, and I needed that for other things. She had no rocking-chair, no sewing machine, etc. It was good discipline for us and tested our religion. We prayed for special grace and wisdom every day in our endeavor to fit into the demands of the place and the work.

When I think of all that Mrs. Rust was obliged to pass through in order to stay with me on the chapel car for the first three years, I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself to think that I allowed her to do it. I was young, and perhaps that can partially excuse me for my lack of consideration.

All mothers who read this will appreciate what I am about to write. For the first few months we got along very nicely; the ordinary difficulties encountered in adjusting ourselves to the car home and its work did not bother us much, but before little Ruth came into our lives Mrs. Rust had much to bear. The constant traveling, the meeting of strangers continually, and the hard work in and out of the meetings made it almost unbearable for her. In less than two months after the coming of our first-born, Mrs. Rust and Ruth were with me in my car work, part of the time living on the car and part of the time in a room outside. We wanted to be together, but we wonder whether we did right or not. It seems as if we did not. The care of a child in such close quarters was very hard on

RUTH AND MARJORIE RUST

us and was not good for Ruth. How I ever wrote my sermons I do not know. How Mrs. Rust ever endured the strain of cooking, caring for baby, and helping in the meetings is more than I can explain. At night Ruth slept in a hammock swung between the berths, and Mrs. Rust occupied the lower, while I took the upper.

But this could not go on indefinitely. The chapel car was no place to bring up children. So we have had a home in St. Paul and Minneapolis for the last eight years, and the Publication Society has allowed me enough extra money each year to permit my engaging any one whom I may choose to assist me. Mrs. Rust has been at home the larger part of the time, but has assisted me on the car much and in our meetings with city churches during some of the winter months.

My life away from loved ones and home has made me sympathize with the great host of traveling men. There was a time when I could stay away much longer than I can now. Home is dearer to me than ever. I am so glad I have one, and that I have children, not only for my own personal joy but because it helps me in my work. I have often said that a young man cannot preach as he ought to until he is married and has children. How can we feel what a father feels until we are fathers? Oh, how many times I have felt the great throbbing heart of my heavenly Father yearning for his children erring in sin, as I have been conscious of my love and anxiety for my own little ones.

My heart was wounded deeply once after returning from a long trip to find my child did not know me. And once again, when little Ruth met me at the door and said soon after, "How long are you going to stay, papa?" and then, "When are you going home again?" She thought the chapel car was my real home and I had only come to visit her.

Home life on the chapel car is often disturbed. You never know just what is to happen. If the car is not on a special spur of its own it must be switched nearly every day and night. During one night last summer we were switched five times, and handled quite roughly. I remember that my head was severely banged against the end of my berth.

The railroad men always handle the car as quietly as possible, but when it is between freight cars and these cars must be switched, then ours must be handled with the others. I would like to have some neat housewife who prides herself on daintiness, see our refrigerator after a switching crew had banged our car up and down the track for a half-hour. Such a sight. Milk, potatoes, jelly, pickles, all together. Do you not think that such experiences would be conducive to the sweetening of dispositions? This would often occur when we were away from the car. We would never know the exact moment when the engine would couple on so that we could be prepared. I remember that Ruth was sitting in my lap once and the freight train (they sometimes hauled the car on such trains) stopped suddenly and threw us over against the

door very hard, bruising us quite severely. Once the engine struck our car with terrific force, and the desk looked like a great waste basket, only worse. There was ink, mucilage, envelopes, papers, books, etc., all in a heap. These were good opportunities to prove that one can keep sweet under the most adverse circumstances.

Mrs. Rust enjoyed the same privileges about her kitchen work. We were on the end of a long freight train one day, when she said, "Put up the table for dinner, please, we are about ready." I started to get the table, when the train gave a sudden lurch and knocked me against my desk, jamming my hand, and that dinner was sent from the kitchen stove, away under the desk in the library. At another time Mrs. Rust was getting breakfast on an oil stove. I saw a switch engine coming, and was sure it was going to strike hard. I rushed in, and in Yankee style yelled "Look out, Bertha, its coming." She looked out the window to see what was coming, and just then the engine struck the car, and away went the entire breakfast on the kitchen floor. We lived on "force" that morning.

I remember another occasion when Uncle Boston was with us, and Mrs. Rust had cooked a very nice omelet. We had seated ourselves at the table and Mrs. Rust was about to serve the omelet, when in trying to turn quickly in that little kitchen she hit her elbow against something, and the dish being overturned the omelet went to the floor. We had "dropped eggs" that morning.

But there is another side to this story of the chapel-car parsonage. We have often been in towns where we could not get a clean place to sleep or eat. How happy we were as we occupied our comfortable berths, with springs and soft mattresses and no little pests to bother us, and when we could sit down to a table of our own and eat a dainty lunch or full dinner that Mrs. Rust knows so well how to serve.

I will not attempt to tell you how I have fared when Mrs. Rust was not with me. Judging by the hideous dreams that have haunted my night slumbers, and the dyspeptic pains that have racked my body, I am conscious that the story of my own cooking would be too sad, therefore I will leave that out of this treatise on domestic science. However, let me add that we have this science in small apartments nearly perfected, and if any newly married young woman wants to know how to cook for and manage her husband in the smallest city flat, let her write to Mrs. Rust, and for a small compensation she will mail her rules.

In this chapter perhaps I had better tell how the missionary cares for the chapel as well as the parsonage. We were on a line in Wisconsin when the division superintendent called on us. After looking the entire car over and admiring its equipment he said, "Mr. Rust, who takes care of your hot water heater during the winter months?" I answered "The missionaries." And "Who is janitor?" he inquired. I answered, "The missionaries." And

"Who does your cooking?" he still inquired. I answered, "The missionaries." "Why," he said, "do you mean to say that you have no porter to clean up or cook or fill the lamps or wash the floors?" I answered "No." He seemed amazed, for in all the business cars of the railroad they carried one or two porters. The chapel-car missionary is expected to be preacher, singer, cook, car-cleaner, janitor, fireman, and anything else that God wants him to do. He must be above nothing —no task too ordinary for him.

When I have an assistant on the car he of course helps in all the janitor work. The care of the heater has meant much anxiety to us during these years, and at first I worried a great deal, as it was new to me and I did not understand the air-tight hot water system of heating, and then the railroad men rather frightened me. They told me if I had too heavy a fire on it would surely blow up, and if it should be very cold weather, and I did not have fire enough on, the water would not circulate fast enough, and it would be liable to freeze and the heater would then blow up. So between the two difficulties *with* the hot water I was kept constantly *in* hot water.

I remember my first March on the car. We were at Cooperstown, North Dakota. The heater began to bother, water did not circulate, and therefore generated steam. I pulled the fire out, and as it was getting intensely cold, decided to allow what water was in the pipes to run out, but to my

dismay only a small amount would flow out. The railroad men tried to help but we could not get it all out, and as the weather was twenty-four below zero the next morning, Mrs. Rust and I were awakened by bursting pipes. I was almost frantic. I thought it would cost a large sum of money to repair them, and I told Mrs. Rust I was positively sure that the Publication Society would discharge me. We moved to a room in a near-by home and the car was sent to the shops. Much to my surprise and greatly to my relief, the car was soon back, and they reported that the damage was not very great, and no bill was ever sent to the Society. During the past few years, however, I have understood it better, and have known about what to do in an emergency, although it has needed constant attention, and we could not be away over night during the cold weather.

I think that all of my assistants will agree with me that the cleaning of the audience room has at times been exceedingly unpleasant. I am sorry to be obliged to write that after meetings in some communities the floor at the rear end of the chapel has been filthy with tobacco spit. I do not care to describe what hard work we have had to keep it clean. However, from what some of the missionaries in the other cars have told me, our experiences have been nothing compared to theirs. But taking it altogether with our mental labor, this caring for the car has been good for us, as it has given us a little exercise every day.

IV

COLPORTAGE DEPARTMENT

THE territory in which our chapel cars have been used lies for the most part west of the Mississippi River, although some work has been done in Wisconsin, and we have one car in Michigan. Our headquarters with "Glad Tidings" have been in the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and we have used our car in the country which is within a radius of about four hundred miles from Minneapolis, thus taking in the States of North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska.

Some of the readers of this story are perfectly familiar with the conditions that do exist, and have existed in the West for the past twenty-five or fifty years; others who have lived in the East all their lives can hardly realize the great need for aggressive pioneer work which has been and is now evident there. Seventy-five years ago there was not one American settlement west of Missouri, and Chicago, the great inland metropolis of our country, was a village of a few log cabins.

To pass through the great West now and note the progress everywhere evident, blinds one to the actual conditions that did exist such a few years

ago. In towns of one thousand to five thousand people we find that the streets are paved, stone sidewalks abound, systems of electric and gas lighting are in use, streets are piped for sewer and gas, great department stores with modern equipments invite the patronage of customers, elegant and commodious church and school buildings abound, and automobiles run the streets. Yet within eight miles from towns like this I can show you smaller settlements with no churches, or if any churches, weak and dying ones. New towns are forming constantly, and the country for fifty miles from the railroad track is settling up.

Many of the people who settle away from the railroads are foreigners, but others are from Eastern towns, where they have enjoyed the privileges of close neighbors and church and good schools. They have come out West to grow up with the country, purchasing the land very cheaply, or homesteading. They are often so homesick and lonely that they cannot endure it. We were told that many women on the prairies had, through melancholia and loneliness, gone insane. How many times I have listened to heart-breaking stories of what some of the early settlers endured. In fact all of them were obliged to suffer much.

I well remember a talk I had with a good Baptist brother who pioneered in South Dakota about twenty-four years ago. He went out in September with another man, and they slept out in the open with no shelter but the sky for a while, until they

could get a "shack" erected. He told me of the terrible blizzard of October that year. He and his companion were caught in the "shack" without food or fuel, and were obliged to go to bed with their clothes on and try to keep warm under the blankets, while the snow whirled and the wind howled for three days and nights. He then told me of his continued struggles until he got a little ahead, of his starting a small country store, of his bringing his new wife to the lonely place, and of business reverses and sickness, until I felt as if I had never endured anything very hard. He was trying to be faithful to his Lord, he and his wife, and helped build the little Baptist meeting-house, and had kept the Sunday-school running, doing their best to aid in keeping a pastor on the field most of the time. When I was there he was helping to get the new parsonage built and had promised fifty dollars toward it, besides his labor; yet he and his wife told me that they could not afford to build a new home for themselves until they had finished the parsonage, and they were then living in the little old house that had been their prairie home for so many years. How my heart went out to them as the tears flowed down the cheeks of that faithful wife, as she said, "I do hope I can have a new home some day—I have worked so hard and waited so long." Dear, noble souls, so full of sacrifice for their Master, how glad I was to tell them God knew and appreciated it all; how happy I was to stop a few days and encourage

them. As we parted and they thanked me, I praised God for the privilege of going as a colporter missionary to help such faithful servants of God.

This Western country where the chapel cars and colportage wagons go is filled with hundreds of men, women, and children, who have endured much and are still struggling on. They have been miles from the railroad, from physicians, and stores, have been obliged to get along almost anyway they could, sometimes hauling their grain from twenty to fifty miles to market. I met some only last year in South Dakota who were downhearted because the year before the hailstorms had destroyed their crops, and that year rust—"black rust"—had spoiled their wheat, and they could get nothing toward paying the mortgage on the farm.

It certainly was discouraging to find that after the threshing was done there was barely enough good grain to pay for having it threshed. It was my privilege to sympatize with and encourage them, by telling them as I pointed to their beloved children, *they* are worth living for, and that their Christian example before them was accomplishing much, even if the mortgage could not be lessened this year. How many hundreds I have met on the Western plains and in the woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin who need the loving ministry of the missionary.

The large and far-reaching work of the American Baptist Publication Society, as manifested by all

branches of its missionary activities, is summed up and briefly expressed in one word, namely, "CONTACT." There is a God and we are his creatures. Every human being is one of his own creatures. God loves the world, every individual. He has a message to send. The gospel is that message. We have received it. Upon receiving it he lovingly commands us, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Our God does not secrete himself in some dark recess of some remote corner of his universe, thus making it hard for his creatures to reach him with their cries for help. On the other hand he takes the initiative, and in love he sends to his creatures the expressions of his heart and will through the best Book in the world and the personal Christ. The genius of the gospel demands that all who receive it should have the same spirit. It is not enough for a God to exist, for his Book to be in the world, but God wants to get into direct contact with every one of his creatures. To accomplish this he has ordained that we who have received him with his truth into our lives should be his messengers to carry the gospel to the individual soul. The American Baptist Publication Society is but a medium through which the followers of Christ, and particularly that body of believers known as Baptists, can by means of the agencies of the chapel car, colportage wagon, Sunday-school missionary, and the printed page, in a very special and effective way reach the needy individual.

The Society recognizes that it is not enough to have commodious and substantial buildings well stocked with books and material, nor an army of men and women to print periodicals and Bibles and papers by the million; these messages on the printed page must be gotten into contact with the eye and the mind of the single man, no matter where he is.

It is not enough for Christians to have warm hearts, to be happy in their own salvation, to enjoy each other's fellowship. They must be messengers of God and go out to every nook and corner of this earth, and with hearts aglow with the love for God and man, reach out the individual living hand to the lost one and speak forth with a living voice the words of life to the individual. That is CONTACT. It matters not how evangelical our faith is nor how devout our lives are; if we are not actually getting into vital touch with the lonely, discouraged, sin-cursed, heartbroken man or woman, boy or girl, we are not executing the will of our Lord.

Because the Society understands its commission and feels the responsibility of this call of God and humanity, our presses are kept running six days in the week, scores of clerks are busy, many editors are devoting their entire time, our secretaries are putting their life into their work, six branch houses are kept open, fifty-two colportage wagons have been built, six chapel cars are on the steel rails, and one hundred and forty-four live missionaries

are working sometimes night and day. Contact is the word. God in us. The soul near at hand or miles away that needs God. Space between. We must annihilate that distance. Nothing must intervene. Faith in God, in his message, in the capacity of man to receive, must conquer all reluctance. Whatever else is left undone that soul must get the message. No obstacles or difficulties should block the way. No sacrifice can be counted too great in order to accomplish the result.

When Gordon Bennett had his final talk with Henry M. Stanley just before that explorer was to start on his long and perilous journey across Africa's dark continent in search of Livingstone, he told him that money was nothing; "Count not the thousands of pounds you may need," but remember you are to "go and find Livingstone," and finally he summed up his whole command, with the two words, "Find him." He must not be satisfied with hearing about him, or getting near him or knowing he was alive. He must accomplish more than that. He must get to him. Touch him. Look into his face. Feel the pressure of his hand. Talk with him personally. Yes, he must get into "contact" with him.

Thus our blessed Lord stands with us and says, Remember the one goal of your ministry. Find him. Go anywhere, everywhere—to the farthest end of the earth, to the lonely home out on the Western prairie and find your man. Put the "word" into his hand with your own hand.

Touch him yourself—not by proxy but in actual reality.

This is the colportage department of the chapel-car service. We are not to sit in our beautiful parsonage and church on wheels and simply call the public to our services, although there is great power in pulpit work, and I would not for one moment minimize the place of public preaching in the extension of God's kingdom. But there is something more to do and nothing can take the place of it. We are to go to the homes, to the places of business, to the single man or woman, and, meeting them alone, seek to get them to receive the blessed message of salvation and life through Jesus Christ. After all, the individual is the unit of power. No matter what place God has for reaching many in public services, I am convinced that he wants more personal work with individuals. How many hundreds of miles I have traveled on foot or bicycle through the country surrounding the town where our car was side-tracked, calling at home after home, seeking to tell all of God's love and his desire to save and help. All pastors know that there is no more fruitful part of the ministry than this personal work.

In our chapel-car life we do recognize the value of "sole" work. I refer now to the sole on each shoe. One of the mottoes of my life is expressed in a daily prayer of mine, "Lord, make me a help to some ONE to-day." I could fill many pages of this book with the record of the sweet, yea heavenly

experiences which have come to my own soul as I have sought to fulfil this prayer.

I wonder if you, dear reader, have read Ralph Connor's latest book, "The Prospector." If you have you will remember the touching scene in the home of Shock McGregor, who had responded to the call from God through the Presbyterian superintendent of missions, to go at the close of his college course into the wild regions of Northwestern Canada to work for the salvation of sinful men and women, and to establish a permanent work if possible. You will recall how that noble Scotch mother gave up her boy for God's work, although it nearly broke her heart. You cannot read of those last hours together without tears coming to your eyes, and yet you are proud of that mother and her boy. Why that sacrifice? Simply that the gospel story might be told by a living representative directly to the needy one. If there was to be contact Shock must go and the mother must say "Yes." How beautifully she did it—and I know some real mothers too, who have done it.

Then do you remember Shock's arrival at the station in the town where the convener who had charge of the church in that district lived, and of his farewell to the convener the next day as he struck out on the trail toward his field? And how he stopped at a hut about noon and found an old man there who offered him whisky to drink, thinking he was accustomed to imbibing that kind of a beverage. Did you notice how Shock got into con-

tact with that sinful man? Did you study how tactfully he worked his way into living touch with the deepest heart feelings of that lonely wretch of a man? How he won him from an angry, loud-mouthed attitude to a quiet, heart talk? Can you not see them in that shanty sitting down to dinner together and Shock winning him to more confidence in himself every minute, as he tells of his mother and his own life? And then the old man tells a sad, sad story of his career in sin and elicits all the pity and sympathy that Shock possessed. Do you remember they stopped just a moment when each was thinking so seriously, and Shock reached forth that strong hand of his and grasped the hand of the old man in a grip of love and looked into his despairing face and said, "What you want is a friend, a real good friend?" I can see the look on the face of that lonely soul as he answered, "I'd give all I have for one," and the bright, hopeful look on Shock's face as he said, "Let me tell you about mine," and then proceeded for a half-hour to pour into that man's ears the story of a Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, who had come to earth to prove he was our friend and that he would forgive, save, and help us every day.

Words fail to express my feelings as I read this incident, for before me there came very vividly the picture of the many, many lonely, sinful ones whom I had met out on the prairies and in the woods of the West, and to whom I had carried the message of the same divine Friend.

Let me also emphasize the power of the personal hand-touch. Do you recall how many times Ralph Connor refers to and forcibly exalts the influence of the touch of Shock's hand? How every one he met and shook hands with felt the thrill of that hand and spoke of it? I believe in the author's exaltation of the great power of the consecrated hand in the work of Christ's kingdom. To corroborate this fact one should read what Helen Keller wrote in the "Century" recently:

The hand-shake of some people makes you think of accident and sudden death. Contrast this ill-boding hand with the quick, skilful, quiet hand of a nurse whom I remember with affection, because she took the best care of my teacher. I have clasped the hand of some rich people that spin not and toil not, and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!

All this is my private science of palmistry, and when I tell your fortune it is by no mysterious intuition of Gypsy witchcraft, but by natural, explicable recognition of the embossed character in your hand. Not only is the hand as easy to recognize as the face, but it reveals its secrets more openly and unconsciously. People control their countenances but the hand is under no such restraint. It relaxes and becomes listless when the spirit is low and dejected; the muscles tighten when the mind is excited or the heart glad, and permanent qualities stand written on it all the time.

Who could know the power of a hand-shake more than she? I am assured that there are few individuals anywhere who would not respond to the hearty hand-clasp of one whose heart was on fire with the love of Christ for lost men and women.

Contact with such a hand revives and awakens, cheers and helps, and makes the cold and deadened souls conscious that Christ is a living reality. This is what the world needs and the missionary seeks to meet it as he goes from home to home and individual to individual.

I wish it were possible for all of my readers to take a trip on the chapel car and stop at some small town, and in addition to holding meetings every day go with me into the homes of the people throughout the country. Only last fall my assistant and I borrowed a horse and buggy one afternoon and started on a trip, making a circuit of about fifteen miles and calling at nine or ten homes. We came away from each house after reading from the Bible and praying, and speaking words of encouragement, feeling that God had used us to carry some light into those darkened homes.

I remember particularly one family we met. The husband had been to the chapel-car meeting, but the mother could not because she was obliged to stay at home and take care of four little ones, all under seven years of age. They were very poor, were living on a small piece of rented land, had lost about all of the crop that year, and of course were somewhat discouraged. They were exceedingly glad to see us and we found them Christian people. Their children were bright little jewels, and I told the parents that some day they would shine somewhere for the Master, and if they did nothing more than to raise those boys and girls to youth, under

the blessed influence of a genuine Christian parentage, and see them all serving God, they had accomplished much. We prayed that God would help that father and mother thus to train their children and grant them his choicest blessings every day. As we left we were sure that they had appreciated our visit and our hearts were happy as we drove away.

Let me record another incident of the blessing and power of the personal touch. During a series of meetings in a Wisconsin town I heard one night that a certain family had a very sick boy. At first I had no thought that we had anything on the car that could be used to help them, and retired, praying for the little boy of course, but not conscious that we had that which might be used to help answer our prayer. Before going to sleep I was aroused by the thought that we had just what he needed, and although the snow was quite deep, and the family lived one and one-half miles from the car, I decided to get up and dress and go over with the medicine. When I arrived there I found all of the family up and very anxious about the boy. I told them I was anxious too, sympathized with them, and gave them the medicine I had brought. We knelt in prayer and left it with our loving Lord. How much good the medicine did the boy I know not, but I know that trip did me good. I was so happy that the return home through the snow with the pure white at my feet and the stars above was to me a walk through the streets of heaven, and I

am also confident that the hearts of those parents and that family were close to mine.

The boy got well and soon after I called there, praying that God would help me to lead them all to a knowledge of Jesus as Saviour and Lord. I found the entire family of father and mother and five children at home. They gave me a chair in the center of the group. I told them I was glad the boy was better, and that they had been to the meetings, and talked on a few moments. As I looked up I saw that both of the parents were in tears, and I asked, "Are you not ready to kneel with me and ask God to forgive and save you and give you strength faithfully to serve him?" I asked each older child and the parents personally, and as they answered "Yes," we knelt, and together they "yielded" to Christ. About five months after that I baptized four of them and they are stanch members of a little Baptist church.

Seldom have we visited a town without being conscious of God's special blessing on every effort to go out into the homes and by personal appeal seek to help those for whom Christ lived and died. Heaven alone will reveal how many lonely hearts have been cheered, how many dark lives brightened, how many lives and souls helped and won in this department of chapel-car service.

V

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

IT is not my purpose to make this chapter an address on the place of the Sunday-school and young people's work in our modern religious activities, but rather to set before you a few of our ideals and inspirations, and to inform you as to what part the chapel car has in this blessed service. While this may fall into the hands of some critics of the Sunday-school of to-day, yet I am convinced that the larger company of my readers need no extended arguments to prove to them the importance of this ever-growing department in our religious life.

The place and power of the Sunday Bible-school have been established beyond any possibility of doubt. Practically all believe in it. We recognize it to be the nursery of the church and a potent factor in the onward march of Christianity. Nearly fifteen millions of our youth are enjoying and profiting by its training to-day, and millions and millions of boys and girls have grown into Christian manhood and womanhood because of their connection with it. In hundreds of instances the organization of a Sunday-school has brought about

the organization of a church, the building of a meeting-house, and the settling of a pastor.

Some of the most trustworthy members and honored deacons and trustees of our churches of to-day, who have served the Lord faithfully and efficiently as they have loyally supported the work of Christ, bear cheerful testimony that they were won to Christ while they were members of the Sunday-school.

Our Society is known as the great Sunday-school Society of the denomination, and while we have not been able to put the time and thought to its development that our many efficient Sunday-school missionaries have, yet we have ever sought to uplift its standards and inaugurate its work when it has been possible. During the first two or three years of our chapel-car experience the scope of our work in a number of instances was measured by visits to very small towns, with the result of a few conversions and the organization of a Sunday-school. Many times we found that in these towns was no moral influence whatever. Some of the places could hardly be called towns. There would be a station, a store, a saloon, and two or three houses, oftentimes not so many buildings as these.

I remember that during our first winter on the car Mrs. Rust and I were side-tracked on a lonely siding in the Minnesota woods where there was not even a station. Surely this was exactly the kind of a place in which a church on wheels ought to be. No words can describe to you what the car meant

to those people. There were but six or eight houses in sight, but when the time for the evening meeting came the people began to file in through the doorway, and to our surprise the car was full.

How eagerly they listened and took in the gospel message in word and song! We were there only a few days, but hearts were touched and a Sunday-school of some forty scholars was organized, and papers and quarterlies donated by our society were distributed.

I have never forgotten that little spot nor the picture of the bright faces of those boys and girls. One girl in particular we remember. She seemed very intelligent and susceptible, and we were confident that she yielded her young life to Christ during our meetings. How pleased I was one Sunday when preaching in Calvary Baptist Church, Minneapolis, to have a tall, young woman come to me and tell me that she was the girl who gave her life to Christ in the meetings in that little place eight years before, and she had been striving to be a faithful Christian ever since. She also said that now she was a member of a Baptist church in a large town and was a teacher in the public schools. The training of that one life was worth our effort and the effort of that Sunday-school. It is true that in many communities throughout the West the one center of moral influence for all who live for miles around, is the Sunday-school which is organized by the Sunday-school or chapel-car missionary. I have many times feared that there was

a danger of looseness in our methods of organizing these schools. I am afraid that we have accepted quite low standards of a Christian Sunday-school in some instances. We are sure that in the mind of our Lord this wonderful institution is more than a Sunday social club or literary society, with the Bible as the principal book to study. If we go into a community where there are practically no confessing Christians, it is not to be expected that the people there will have correct ideas of the Sunday-school. However, we are not to lower the standard to their conception of it, no matter how imperative the need for such a school is.

I fully recognize the difficulties in the way, and the poor material which the Lord has from which to make a true and efficient school, but I believe the missionary fails if he in his anxiety to multiply schools and for lack of time stops but one Sunday, and with what he has, regardless of condition or ideals, organizes what would be called a Sunday-school. In many instances it is anything but a Christian school. I firmly believe that one school on an intelligent and Christian foundation, and organized well, is far better than many schools organized quickly and with no solid moral underpinning to hold them up.

We are convinced that the missionary should stay and hold a series of meetings. He should call at the homes, and work hard publicly and personally toward the conversion of adults and young people. Yes, stay long enough to have the people

clearly see the dignity and exalted ideals which rightfully belong to a Christian Bible-school. Then, under God's blessing, he can organize something that will stand the test of time. The future of the Sunday-school will depend largely upon what ideas the people have of such a school, therefore it is of the utmost importance that God's ideas, true Christian ideas, be imbedded in their minds at its inception. The missionary has this in his power to do.

While it may be impossible in some instances, yet I believe that in nearly every community in this country it is possible to invite the people kindly to gather for gospel meetings, boldly and lovingly to preach of their need of Christ, as sinners, and his willingness to save and to lead many in that town or community to the acceptance of Jesus Christ as personal Saviour and Lord. Then meet to organize the school after talking and praying with individuals about what part God would have them take in the work. After explaining what a Bible-school really implies, namely, that the study of the Scriptures is no trifling matter, that the training of the boys and girls is of great importance, and that it is preeminently a Christian institution; then in quiet solemnity have all bow their heads and consecrate themselves to the teaching and study of the best Book in the world, happily conscious of the blessed work undertaken and that God is to give grace to each one for his part.

To my mind every officer and teacher in the school ought to be a Christian if possible. Some-

times this is very hard to accomplish. I remember one little settlement in the woods where we were thinking of organizing a Sunday-school, and wondering who would be the best one to place at the head as superintendent. I asked some one, "Who would make a good superintendent?" They said "The smartest man around here is Mr. J——; you had better secure him."

When I inquired more about him I found that he was a very profane and sinful man. Now they honestly thought that "smartness" was the primary qualification for a superintendent. It had evidently never dawned upon them that he would not be exactly fit for that position. At best they thought they would get along with his example and allow him to be superintendent. I was very grateful that some people were converted and we were able to get a much more suitable spiritual leader for the people of that community.

This Bible-school question is a live one and deserves our time and best thought. If you wish to become an efficient worker in this department of our aggressive church activity you can secure valuable help in the books published by our Society. Uncle Boston's "Spicy Breezes" will give you many excellent hints and illustrations, as will scores of other books.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

It becomes my special pleasure to consider this feature of our chapel-car life. No brighter spots in

our evangelistic experiences can be seen than those where we have engaged in work with and for the young people. Mrs. Rust and I were quite young when we entered this service (she was twenty-one and I was twenty-four), and we are still young and, as Doctor Henson says, " We never expect to get old ; we are going to die first."

There never was a time when we sympathized with and believed in the young people as we do to-day. As we mingle with them and see them in their pleasures and studies and work we always pray for power to understand them, to see the world as they see it, to feel as they feel, to discriminate, to get down deep into their natures, and with true heart sympathy for them in their difficulties and heartaches, seek most earnestly to be of real help to them.

We do not think that because a girl desires to move in step to some fascinating music that she thus proves herself to be possessed of a sinful disposition, although we can easily see the real danger and we endeavor to point it out to her. Nor do we conclude that the overflowing vivacity and life, which often expresses itself in unpleasant forms, is necessarily vulgar and sinful.

I do thank my God most heartily for the privileges which these years have afforded me in getting into touch with the lives of thousands of young people. I have received untold inspiration and help from them, and while my heart has ached at times, yet the influence of their pure and noble lives will

continue as it has, to help me to a noble manhood in Jesus Christ.

If our ministry on the chapel car has been fruitful at all I feel that God has caused it to be especially fruitful in our work with the boys and girls and young people. I have often said that if the chapel-car workers were to do nothing more in the towns where they stop than to help and win and inspire these boys and girls whom God loves, it would be money and time well spent.

A VISION

God has given to me many visions in recent years, many very beautiful ones, including a new and enlarged one of himself and of man. He has also portrayed upon my mind very vividly the true picture of the value of a human life. He enables me, as he does you, to look into the future. When I look into the face of a boy I do not see a devil or an angel or a "kid." I see a MAN. When I look into the face of a girl I see a woman. I think I can truthfully state that I seldom pass a boy or girl on the street without seeing this vision at the time I meet them. No doubt you remember the story of the boy who was in a man's way and bothering him considerably. The man told him to move twice, but he kept bothering by putting himself exactly where the man wanted to be. Finally the man in an angry mood said to him, "Get out of the way. What do you amount to anyway?" The boy looked up in his face and answered, "Didn't you

know that God makes men out of such things as I am?" It is true we are dealing with embryonic manhood and womanhood when we touch the boy and girl. Our task and privilege is no insignificant one. Manhood is in the making and we are co-laborers with God in its accomplishment. When our little Marjorie was about five years old she came home from Sunday-school singing,

> Little buds of promise,
> Oh, so pure and white;
> Are so very precious
> In the Saviour's sight.

She is indeed, as every boy and girl is, a bud of promise. How many buds of promise we have seen blossom into noblest manhood and womanhood.

At another time she looked into her mother's face and said, "Sometime, mamma, I am going to be a bid yady." She meant lady. Yes, this is true and with every other girl it is the same. Whenever I meet them I hear them saying "sometime I am going to be a woman." What kind, of what character, of what purpose, is the question?

We believe that they can, except in rare instances, be trained into the very best Christian womanhood. Thank God for what the gospel has done for woman and for the message it brings to the girl. In working with young people we are dealing with lives as well as souls. There is inspiration in the opportunity to save a life with a soul. I would hasten to the side of a dying man

who was seventy years of age, and who had lived in sin and rebelled against his God all his life; I would tell him that God would forgive and save through faith in Jesus Christ; but I would hasten more rapidly to the youth or maiden who desired to be saved and yield their hearts and lives to Christ, to be molded and devoloped by him through time and eternity. The old man did not have so much to save as the young people. His life had been wasted, their lives were presented gladly to the Lord.

Christianity is more than an escape from hell at death into heaven. The religion of Jesus Christ is greater than being saved *from* something. It is being saved *into* something, into a more beautiful, noble life on earth and a more beautiful life in heaven. That conception of Christianity which could allow one to be willing to live a life of selfishness and sin and receive Christ as Saviour of the soul and only the soul just before one dies, cannot be tolerated by anything noble in man.

As we have caught this vision we have ever sought to portray it to the young people and give them a picture of the Christian life with no frame of black around it, but a picture of a life which is the brightest, the most attractive, the most womanly and manly to live, even when it is touched here and there with the sombre colors of sacrifice and suffering in the Master's cause.

To this they have responded in hundreds of instances. They have seen the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the need of receiving the personal Christ to

save, and the vision of the nobility and grandeur of a life given to him and his work with a definite purpose in view. At the close of a meeting in a large city church a young woman came rushing to me and exclaimed, "O Mr. Rust, I have caught a new vision of life and I do want to live it." She had hardly finished speaking when a young man came and told me the same.

RESPONSIVENESS

We are happily conscious that when we work with the boys and girls and youth of our land we are touching human life at the most responsive age. The farther one sails along the river of life the more difficult it is to yield to the pleadings of God's Spirit. Probably you are well aware that nearly all of our church-members became Christians before they were twenty years of age. We recognize that this department of our service is the opportunity of our lives and we have tried to improve it. There are practically no boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age who are planning to waste their lives in vanity or ruin them in sin. Possibly one may find a boy or girl who has been brought up in the slums and knows nothing but crime, yet these are not normal cases of American childhood. As a rule, we are not dealing with that kind. I have never met a boy or girl who came from an average home who has any thought of ruining the life. I find them susceptible to the teachings of Jesus, and mostly easy to win.

I see no reason why we should not expect them to be Christians, and that at a very early age. Of course children differ, but with devout Christian parents why is it not possible to so train the child in the things of God that there will never be a time in his life when he does not want to do just what God would have him do? It is true in each life there will come a time when there will be a definite yielding to Christ as an intelligent being, but this will be easy and not after a long and bitter fight against a loving God.

I well remember the time when we were entertained at a beautiful home in a large Western city. The gentleman in this home is one of the influential members of the First Baptist Church in that city, and prominent in the work of the State. He is now nearly sixty years of age. One night he stood in a public meeting and said, "There has never been a time in my life when I did not want to do just what I believed God wanted me to." When I met his dear old mother and saw the picture of that noble father, I understood his statement. Oh, for more consecrated Christian training for the child in the home!

I have sometimes considered our young people's work under the figure of a "wheel," and have said that this department turns the easiest and with the least friction. We seldom have to push it or oil it, in fact it runs itself if you will only direct it, and our effort is to restrain it sometimes so that we can take time to explain where it is going. As it turns

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it reveals a halo of special light around it, and the spokes and hub are sparkling with jewels. I would that all the wheels of our religious machinery turned as easily and beautifully. How we thank God for the responsiveness of the young people. How many times in the towns where we have been the conditions and actions of the adults presented to us a picture of a great mountain of sin and indifference, but out from that mountain there have burst in spontaneous responsiveness, the faith, love, and devotion of the boys and girls.

At other times sadness and gloom claimed the hearts of the missionaries as they beheld the sins of the older ones, but the darkness has been brilliantly studded with the gems of light as manifested in the lives of the young people. We have always found the boys and girls very responsive to whatever truth we have endeavored to teach, but sometimes they were too literal in their interpretation of the truth taught. Once we were sidetracked in a town which was full of wickedness. There were saloons and beer barrels all around us. During a talk on "Danger Signals" I had told them that I wished that they could write "danger" (in their mind) over every saloon in the city. They went from that car and taking chalk, wrote "DANGER" on the doors of the saloon, on the sidewalk in front of the saloons, and also upon the beer storage houses. I truly wish that a law could be passed obliging the saloon-keepers to put this word in red letters upon the doors of their places of business.

I have decided to tell of a few of these young people who have so inspired us.

We were in a little town in Wisconsin. It was a wicked place. Sin abounded everywhere. We noticed a bright, robust girl of eleven years of age sitting in the car. She came every day and watched that blackboard and listened to the "talks." We found her parents were very poor. At the end of a week she came to me and told me that she wanted to give her whole life to God. We prayed together. A lofty purpose filled her soul as I talked with her about what God wanted to do with her life. She determined to be a true Christian, and yielded herself fully to Christ. The following is a letter that she wrote me when she was but eleven years of age:

January 23, 1897.

DEAR MR. RUST: As you asked us to write to you, I will write you a few lines this afternoon. I am so glad the car came, for I believe it has helped this town a great deal, and I wish it would never go away, although I want it to help others as well as it has us. I have learned a great deal since you came, and I am very glad for my cards and papers. I am so glad that we are going to have a Sunday-school, and I will go every Sunday that I can.

Yes, Mr. Rust, I have given my whole life to Jesus, and he may keep it. I remember that you told us that the biggest thing that we could steal was to steal our lives from God. I will not do that, and I will not swear nor steal nor reject Jesus. I learned that the way to have Jesus blot out my bad record, was first to tell him I was sorry for my sins, then not to lie nor steal nor swear, then to read good books and live for Jesus.

From your true friend,

EDITH.

I went back to that town months afterward. She was baptized, became secretary and teacher in the Sunday-school when she was but twelve years of age, and some of the people told me that she was the Christian young woman of the whole town. It is true that her life in such sinful surroundings was like a pure white lily growing in a bank of mud.

I had many quiet talks with her, and tried to inspire her to get an education and be something more than the girls she knew. She responded that she would, and promised to write to me once in six months. How pleased we were to get a letter from her recently with something enclosed. She had worked her way through a normal school in Wisconsin and was about to graduate, and this letter was an invitation for us to attend the exercises. We also noticed on the programme she sent that there were eighteen graduates and three orations and she was to deliver one of the orations. We could not go, but we met her at the station the next day. As we met this womanly girl and took her hand, and thought of the place from which she came, and how she had struggled on to such glorious achievements, we thanked God for allowing us to touch her life in those early days, and also felt inspired to live better in days to come. She is now a teacher in the public schools.

I recall the time when a girl of eighteen came into our meetings in Iowa. She was modest and retiring, and every inch a lady. With tears in her

eyes she said she did want to be a true Christian. She was soon in the light, and so happy and determined. The ridicule of others had no effect upon her, except to make her want to be more like her Lord, and I had the privilege of baptizing her with three others, including her sister. About a year after we left that town we received a letter from her, stating that she fully believed that God wanted her to do some special work for him, and that she had heard the call and was ready to go where he wanted her to go and to be what he wanted her to be. In her letter she expressed a wish that we direct her to some school where she could fit herself for the life of a missionary. To-day she is in Chicago studying, having left teaching school last fall.

Can any one but God tell what he is to do with this consecrated young woman? If nothing else had been accomplished by the visit of the car to that town, was not the finding of this jewel worth our labors? I cannot but believe that there are many such jewels whom God ought to have for special service.

But I must write something concerning the boys, and I can do no better than insert their letters to me. The first one is from a dear boy who lived in northern North Dakota. Please notice how intelligently he writes:

November 25, '97.

DEAR MR. RUST: I have considered that the best thing in the world for me to do is to live for Jesus. I know I have

broken God's laws and have done wrong. My dear father died about two months ago and left my mother and five children. I am the oldest, thirteen years of age. My father lived a true, good, Christian life, always loved to go to church, and always had regular family prayers. And now my mother wants me to live a Christian life, and mother says that she will live for Jesus and do all she can to lead the children to Jesus. Mr. Rust, I have asked Jesus to forgive me for all my sins, and give me a new heart and keep it pure, and as I said the other night, " I will live for Jesus."

I am going to do my best to be a Christian, and while I am spared will try to lead others to Jesus. Thank you for the good you have done me.

Yours respectfully,

BURRITT HILLIER.

How blessed the influence of a godly father and mother, and what a manly son. The following is from an unusually promising boy of about the same age. He is the son of a prominent business man in a city in Wisconsin, who is a member of the Congregational church :

May 8, 1903.

DEAR MR. RUST: I have found that the only life to lead is the life of a Christian. I have been trying to become a *full-fledged* Christian for many years. Sometimes I think I have conquered, then something comes up, and as I have an awfully quick temper I lose control of myself and fall back. Now I can truthfully say that I am going in the narrow gate. I have learned a great many things from your services. I I have opened my heart to Christ and shut it to Satan.

Yesterday, when you asked us to come forward I wanted to go, and be one of the first ones up there, but when I started to go I seemed glued to the seat. I could not feel strength enough to move. But I made one final effort and succeeded,

and as a result I am about the happiest boy I have ever seen. I WILL, and am DETERMINED to stay on the RIGHT PATH.

Hoping you will pray for me, I remain

Your loving friend,

EARL MYRON HILL.

The next letter is from a bright boy in a town in South Dakota. He is the son of prominent Methodist people, and bids fair to take the place of a presiding elder or a bishop some day. He, with other boys of about twelve years of age who were interested in our services, have organized a religious "Boys' Club," and I was with them in one of their meetings.

Jan. 1, 1905.

MR. RUST.

DEAR SIR: Our club is getting along just fine. Otto and Ida and Emma united with the Methodist church this morning. I wish you would write to our club sometime. The girls told me that you wrote to their club. We had a Christmas tree at our club and distributed presents. A friend of mine gave me the name of a poor boy in Randolph, Minn., and I am sending him the papers that I get every week. I just wrote to him, and said that I had made up my mind to be a missionary some day, even if it is only IN MY OWN TOWN. Otto and I have told some people that we would go in together and get a chapel car, and be missionaries when we get older, and we mean it. You have done very much good in our town, and I am like that boy whose letter you read. I am determined, and I will go in the right path.

Respectfully yours,

HAROLD MEYER.

Surely this boy has ideals and knows what a missionary is, and we are glad that some day

we shall have volunteers for extended chapel-car service and so for making Christ known

METHODS

Before I close this chapter it might be well for me to write something concerning methods in meetings with the boys and girls. I shall not attempt to go into any extended treatment of the subject, but give in a general way about what my experience has taught me is the wisest way to work with our beloved young people.

In the first place let me say, that while I believe in a cheerful and bright good time as we meet in public service with our rollicking boys and girls, yet I have ever sought to teach them what it means to be young ladies and gentlemen, and to remember why we have come together and also to have reverence for the gospel in song and word and for God. As a rule we have no trouble. They are as quiet and thoughtful as could be expected.

I have used the chalk (the blackboard) a great deal but am not confined to it, although I realize that the eye gate is very wide. We do endeavor to win them more or less to ourselves. I do not stand before them with a stern or gloomy expression on my face, nor jump at them like a tiger, nor attempt to be official and command them as a master, but am willing and glad to be one of them, a little older than they are, but a friend and very much interested in them.

As to specific methods in taking expressions in

meetings, let me say that I practically never ask them to raise their hands to express a desire to become Christians. Their hands come up too easily, and in many instances it implies absolutely no intelligent will purpose. I have often tested the hand-raising by asking questions about other matters, and many will put up the hand when I ask for it, utterly regardless of the reasonableness of the request or what it implied. To my mind there are much better ways.

Perhaps I could briefly describe my usual method for a week's meeting with them. Begin on Monday and show them the value of their lives in God's sight; continue by showing the awfulness of sin, as it ruins that precious life; reveal some of the sins that do spoil the soul and life; then show them a Saviour living and dying in order to save the life and soul; how he can cleanse and beautify them and use the life if it is given to him. Try to have them see that a refusal to let Christ have our hearts and lives means disaster and is a sin of great proportions. Then ask them if they want Christ to forgive, and save and use their lives. Tell them that simply wanting to is not enough; they ought to say "I will yield my whole heart to him." Believing that practically all want to, and many can intelligently say "I will," I ask them all to bow on the back of pew in front, and then in perfect quietness yield, each one for himself. This is not at every meeting, although we always bow in prayer before departing, but this is at close of the

fourth or fifth meeting. I then say, "Now those of you who feel that you have fully yielded to Christ please come to me sometime before you go home to-day and tell me," and they come slowly, deliberately, one by one, not all, but always some. The next day we have a quiet confession meeting, and on Sunday in the Sunday-school they are glad nobly to confess their decisions before their friends as they stand around their pastor (provided there is one), and this always helps others to do the same. If we have time we explain in other meetings about the church and the Christian life. I shall never be able to thank God enough for the privileges of these years with the boys and girls.

VI

DEPARTMENT OF GOOD LITERATURE

PROBABLY there was never a time in the world's history when books and papers were read as they are now. The fact is the people did not have them to read. Seventy-five years ago printing was in its infancy. Only hand-presses were used, and there were not enough of them in our whole country to get out one edition of the present daily New York papers, nor were there enough mills in our country to furnish paper for one such edition. We have progressed at a very rapid rate in our art of printing and bookmaking. This has been both a blessing and a curse to our fair land. Every good thing can be prostituted to low purposes, and it is certainly true that there has been a "devil" at the press in more senses than one.

Whereas, seventy-five years ago papers were hard to get and one paper would be carefully read by several families, now the New York daily journals print a million copies each morning; add to this one million five hundred thousand copies each evening, and it is the custom for one family to have several papers. As this same advance has been perceptible in all branches of literature we are constantly confronted with a great danger as well as a great

opportunity. Sometimes I wonder what will become of our spruce trees if this is to continue. Nine novels recently published in the United States had a sale of one million six hundred thousand copies. The books contain two million pounds of paper. An expert manufacturer states that five hundred pounds of paper can be gotten from the average spruce tree, and that these nine novels destroyed four thousand trees. When you consider the almost countless number of novels that are being placed in the hands of the public every month, you can see the forest of trees fall before you every year.

But this danger of losing so many of our trees by the publication of empty novels is nothing to be compared to the moral danger that is before us. I shall not take space in this chapter to go into any extended discussion of the facts that Christian workers have revealed concerning what kind of literature is being published and is finding an entrance into thousands of hands. It would almost seem as if the press, which was used for the first time to print parts of God's book, would almost melt with shame and become a molten mass as it beholds the sort of reading matter which has come from its plates. Such a large proportion of the produce of the press comes from the composing rooms of the devil and his agents that we are convinced that there is hardly any agency in this world which does so much harm along with its good.

Books and papers receive the stamp of something

more than ink. They very evidently bear the imprint of the character of the author. They really become persons, and live with us and touch humanity everywhere with the power of personal contact. A thousand books from an author simply make that author, or his impersonated ideal which he has set forth in the book, a thousand and more persons to go into the homes and touch the lives of the people of the world. If the author and the ideals are good, then the world receives the influence of a thousand lives of righteousness; on the other hand, if the author and the ideals are bad, then the world receives the influence of a thousand lives of evil. Oh, the marvelous power of books for heaven or hell! How we rejoice and tremble before it at the same moment. The character of the individual, of the home, of the nation, of the world depends upon what books are read.

At times I have personally been conscious of something of the methods that the evil one was employing in getting low reading matter before the eyes of the innocent. I was on a train in Wisconsin one day when the news agent stopped and whispered to me as he put a book before me, "Say, young man, don't you want to read something rich?" I took the book and looked at a few lines, and read the most obscene statements. I handed it quickly back to him, stating that "I did not want any such stuff to enter my mind." I did not dream that such books were being circulated. It was nothing but a twenty-five cent book, but the price

was two dollars and fifty cents. He said that he would sell it for two dollars. He also tried to get me to look at some obscene pictures, but I would not allow him to show them to me. If our innocent boys and young men are constantly being tempted thus, think of the fair lives that are being contaminated by this kind of literature.

THE NEED

I wish to refer also to the need as I have come in contact with it. It is true that the rural mail system is bringing the lonely home in the country very near to the printing press, and I have always found some intellectual and cultured people in the small towns and at times in the country, who have their center tables well stocked with current magazines and books and papers. Occasionally I meet with a family away out in the woods that reveals to me an interest in the best reading, as one I found in the woods of Minnesota, nine miles from town, where the father and mother seemed unusually intelligent. They could talk about religious affairs, Baptist conditions, and current questions of the day, and in answer to a question as to what they read, they told me *The Standard*.

At the same time it is true that in thousands of homes in the small towns and in the country districts of the great West they never see anything more than the daily newspaper, and in other thousands of homes what literature they do have is of an exceedingly trashy kind. Some homes

are destitute of practically all reading matter, and there is no excuse whatever for it. Often we have failed to find any Bible in the house, and more often no good religious paper to stimulate the spiritual life. This lack has been the mother of ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and sin. Some parents have been too all-forgetful of the importance of reading matter in the development of their children. I have been in homes where the uncle was a railroad man and read many novels of low character, and the mother looked upon her boy of fourteen as he devoured those books month by month, with absolute indifference. How little she seemed to realize that false ideas of life were being sown in his young mind and would almost certainly spring forth to bear a terrible harvest by and by. I have been in town after town, and found the young people completely ignorant of any reading which could be at all attractive to them, except the ten and twenty-five cent novels of the day. My heart has ached to note their dwarfed and distorted mental condition, and I can well add their sad heart condition, because they have had such literature as daily food.

THE NEED SUPPLIED

As I have noted, the sad condition in so many of the homes in the West, I have been exceedingly grateful to God that there are many publishing houses in the land that are seeking to supply this need, and I have been especially thankful that

the Baptists have a great plant in Philadelphia which was built for this very purpose. I have also been personally glad that I could help in putting some of the products of this great publishing institution into the hands of the needy ones.

The thought in the minds of those who began the work of the organization now known as the American Baptist Publication Society, was mainly tract distribution. If it had been simply confined to this it would be far from filling an insignificant place in the world. Our Society antedated the American Tract Society by about a year, and has continued in its ever-growing work to give much time, thought, money, and effort toward the wise distribution of tracts and good literature of all kinds to the needy of the world. While appreciating the unique power of the human voice in proclaiming gospel truth, yet the Society has ever believed that there was great potency in the propagation of the gospel by means of the printed page, and it has ever sought faithfully to do its work.

Whenever I think of those two magnificent buildings, stocked with books and literature of the best kind, and owned by the Baptists of our land, I see before me a large railroad station with its incoming and outgoing trains. The station was not erected for the trains or the people to stay in forever, but that they might have a convenient place to enter and to depart from. Thus the Publication Society buildings were not erected to hold periodicals and books forever until they became moldy and useless on

the shelves, but rather that it might be a great Baptist depot, through which the product of concentrated Christian minds might travel to enlighten and bless any and all of the human family.

Thank God for the mighty train loads of Christian literature that have rolled out of this depot since its erection. And these books and tracts have not been thrown out of the train by any mechanical device that worked automatically. No! No! There has been a living heart and a living hand back of each gift and each sale. God's heart back of all, and next the noble line of Christian men who have toiled so faithfully in its many departments, and also the army of missionaries who have for these many years gone on foot, on horseback, or wagon, to the homes of those who needed the printed word of life and light. The hands that distribute the literature of this Society are not cold, official, and metallic, but warm, sympathetic, and loving.

May I ask if the reader fully realizes what our Publication Society has done since its inception in this work of distributing good literature? Please note the following: Books sold, 887,581; books given away, 184,132; pages of tracts distributed, 50,077,679; Sunday-schools aided by grants of books, etc., 26,852; pastors and students aided by grants, 9,324.

In addition to this, the Society has distributed as many as one hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures in a single year, and is sending out nearly fifty million copies of quarterlies and Sunday-school

papers every twelve months. Can any one measure the influence of this glorious work of the consecrated printing press ?

METHOD OF SUPPLYING THE NEED

The greatest part of the printed matter which our Society sends out goes from headquarters and the six branch houses, and in the missionary department the colporters and Sunday-school missionaries distribute most of it, but a very important part of the chapel-car work is found in its opportunity of helping a little in this distribution of good literature.

The chapel car rolls into a destitute town with its lockers and bookshelves well stocked with papers, books, tracts, and Bibles. An invitation is given to all to come into the car and read. Young men along the line have availed themselves of this privilege. We sell no books under free transportation, but tracts and books by the thousands have been given away. We have a library of about sixty volumes of the best Christian reading in our chapel room, and at the first meeting in a small town we tell the people that these books are for them to enjoy. The missionary is oftentimes kept very busy loaning these books. The young people eagerly secure them, and sometimes each one will read three or four in a week. They did not know such books were in print. We seldom lose a book, as they are notified when the car will leave. I have seen them coming to the car

just before the train was to haul us out, walking along the track reading their books, anxious to finish before the chapel car left. I firmly believe that a large number of young people in the Northwest have been influenced to noble purposes for life through the reading of these books.

The railroad men in the shops and everywhere along the line have been the recipients of many gifts of books from the chapel cars. The Publication Society has gladly furnished tracts, pamphlets, books, and Bibles to be placed in the hands of these men. In addition to this Rev. A. P. Graves, the well-known evangelist, has very kindly donated hundreds of copies of his book, "That Railroad Man," to all the chapel cars, and the missionaries have been glad of the opportunity to present this book to the railroad men in the West. Mr. Graves came to me in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, and asked if I needed any more of his books to distribute. I told him "No." He then said, "Remember, you can have all you want; just let me know." He is certainly reaching a large number of men through this kindness.

I would like to refer to tract distribution from the chapel cars. Hundreds of thousands of pages of gospel tracts have found their way into the homes of the people from the meetings and from personal calls in this work. When I first started out the Society sent a great boxful to me, and the other cars have had the same. I have no space to refer at length to what the power of a single tract under

the blessing of God's Spirit is known to be, but one can easily believe that much good has been done through this feature of chapel-car service.

One of the most important phases of the work of the Society is that of scattering abroad the Scriptures, and the chapel car has been an effective medium through which a part of this great service has been accomplished. If you could visit the homes of those who have attended the meetings of the chapel car you would find in a very large number of them a Testament or a Bible with the following stamp on the inside, "Presented by the American Baptist Publication Society." An army of boys and girls have received a copy of the Scriptures to be their own.

In addition to this all the chapel cars have had some nice leather-bound teachers' Bibles to give away to those whom the missionaries thought would appreciate them. These have been the gift of a Christian gentleman in the East. Hundreds have been presented every year. This chapter would be too long if I should attempt to write of all the lives made happy in receiving these beautiful Bibles, but I must write of a few.

During recent meetings in a small town in the State of South Dakota, a noble girl of seventeen years happily yielded her whole heart and life to Christ. Her home was ten miles in the country. I remember my last conversation with her. I had handed to her a slip of paper, on which were printed many Scripture references. In response to

a question she said she had no Bible. I said, "Will you wait a moment? I want to give you one." Into the study I went and brought forth one of these Bibles. I wish you could have seen her face as she saw it. I said, "This is for you. Study it daily, and may God bless you." She took my hand and tried to thank me but could not say a word, her large eyes filling with tears as she turned and went out. She has written to me since and thanked me, and informs me of her baptism and purpose to be all that Christ could wish her to be.

In more recent meetings a young man confessed his need of Christ in tears, and was soon happy in his trust in him as Saviour and Lord. As I gave him the list of verses he said he had no Bible. How his face lighted as I presented him with one of these leather-bound books.

In another series of meetings a woman who had been brought up a Roman Catholic manifested some interest in the Christian life. I called on her and prayed with her. She blushed as I asked for a Bible, and said "We haven't any, Mr. Rust." She was soon assured of her salvation and could hardly find words to thank me as I gave her one of these beautiful Bibles. She carries it with her to church every Sunday.

How many times I have referred to and thanked God for that Christian man who has made it possible for us to give these Bibles to the needy ones in the West. God will continue to bless and reward him most assuredly.

A few years ago this same man purchased one hundred of Doctor Northrup's book, "A Cloud of Witnesses," and gave them to the chapel cars to be used as tokens of appreciation for what the railroads are doing for the chapel-car work. These have been placed in the hands of railroad presidents and general managers, who have gladly accepted them.

I would also like to mention a rather unique phase of the good literature work. During services in an Iowa town I found a boy of fourteen years of age waiting to talk with me at the close of the afternoon meeting. We went into a room, he fumbled in his inner coat pocket and pulled out two or three of the cheap five-cent novels. As he handed them to me he said, "My mother and father don't know that I have been reading these and I want you to burn them up for I have quit reading them, having come to this decision during these meetings." I had a good talk with that manly boy and knew that he would be true. Realizing that thousands of boys were reading those novels I thought of a class of reading published in Boston, and printed in sensational style, but gotten up for the purpose of counteracting this trashy, blood and thunder kind. Procuring the money I purchased some of these Christian stories for the young people and began to scatter them. They were received and eagerly read. I am sure that much good was done. Not long ago I met a brakeman whose boy had received some of these publications from

me. This man told me that his boy was continuing to subscribe for them, and he knew that the other kind of reading had no attractions for him. I have often wished that I had more money to use in distributing these stories among the boys and girls. I might add that the name of the publisher is E. Bumsted, Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

READING AND STUDY

In this chapter it would be appropriate to answer the question that has often been asked me, namely, "What time do you get for study and reading?" This question very naturally arises, because chapel-car work offers few moments for idleness, and it is a constant strain on the mind, sympathies, and nerves. It is a strenuous life, surely. Sometimes it has seemed to me that I have lived twenty years in the last ten.

The temptation to allow the many calls to keep you busy all the time in the actual work and away from the study, comes to every man in every field of Christian service. The pastor in the city has as many calls for outside work (if not more) as the evangelist, yet he must be in his study or fail in his pulpit ministrations. I rather believe that the regular evangelist has more time to study than the pastor. The evangelist who goes from church to church and holds two meetings a day on an average, has little to do outside of those two meetings. But the actual preaching services of the pastor are a small part of his work.

Tell me why it is that the evangelist is oftentimes considered the one who does not develop mentally or spiritually when compared to a pastor? There is no reason why the evangelist cannot put actually more time into study and reading, if he will. I cannot tolerate the thought that the evangelist honors his profession when he never gets beyond a few stock sermons and is satisfied to be the same mentally that he was years ago. The evangelistic field offers unexcelled opportunities for the development of the keenest intellect, the display of the broadest sympathies, and for growth in highest Christian culture. There is absolutely no excuse for any evangelistic worker not studying.

In the chapel-car work the call to be away from the study is exceedingly loud and is also continuous. The missionary on the chapel car is expected to be preacher at four hundred meetings a year; to be able to call at every home in a large parish in a few weeks; to help in the cooking department of his parsonage and the janitor work in the chapel; to train and organize the new material into all forms of Christian service; to prepare them for baptism and church-membership; to lead in raising money for a new church building; to personally go over the country to secure this money, and to help actually in the hauling of stone, laying the foundation, putting up the building, and paying the bills. All of this to be done in two or three months, and sometimes in six or seven weeks. One can readily see that his life is similar to the

busiest city pastor. We have held many meetings in city churches at times when the car was in the shops, therefore engaging in the work of the regular evangelist, and we have had many years of the strenuous service on the chapel car, but at no time have I felt that I could excuse myself for not reading and studying.

I have believed very sincerely in heeding the apostle's exhortation, "Give heed to reading" (1 Tim. 4 : 13), and in the truth of Carlyle's words when he said "The true university is a great collection of books," therefore in addition to reading the many weekly and monthly papers and magazines, I have been able during the last few years to read from fifty to seventy-five books a year.

It has been my plan in recent years to devote certain hours each morning to study. Sometimes this would be broken into, but I have generally been able to stay at my desk and typewriter from one to three hours each forenoon. By doing this I have been able to write a sermon or address each week in addition to the other work. Sometimes I have written ten new sermons in ten days and delivered them, but this is too hard, except occasionally.

I am willing to confess that, with the plan of reading and study that I now have in mind, there will be no moments in the day when I shall have nothing to do. We must reserve some time for devotional reading and prayer, and I am seeking to consecrate a portion of each day to these means of grace.

VII

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

DO not think for a moment that this is an insignificant part of our chapel-car service. While I may be able to record something of what music has done to make this phase of missionary work successful, yet I am conscious that it will be impossible to write of all that God has done through the consecrated voice in these years of Christian activity. Many a soul has found a lost chord, others have realized harmony was taking the place of discord in their lives, and still others who had remained untouched by every known plea, have been awakened to the noble and to Christ through the ministrations of gospel song as sung in the chapel car.

PLACE OF MUSIC IN THE WORLD

The ancients had a fable that Orpheus, the god of music, was drowned in the sea, hence the sea is so musical. This fable would seem to indicate that harmony had perished from the world. But music has a large place in the world to-day, and we can well pity the one who cannot respond to it. It seems to me as if every fibre of my being responds to it. It thrills me. Sweet tones on any instrument,

harmony brought out by any combination of voices, gives rise to emotions that I cannot express. We recognize, however, that there are some people who cannot appreciate music. Moody could enjoy the words of a song, but he had great difficulty in distinguishing the tune of sacred music from the tune of Yankee Doodle. Some are like the banker who was attending a Wagner concert with a soapmaker. "Every man," said the banker, "wants to do something outside of his own work." "Yes," answered the soapmaker, "I always wanted to be a banker." "You wouldn't be a good one. I am a successful banker, but I always wanted to write a book. And now here is this man Wagner who tries his hand at music. Just listen to the stuff. And yet we all know he builds good parlor cars." These men certainly failed to be intelligently appreciative of some of the best music that has ever been rendered. I rather think there are some men like these on the music committees of our churches. But these people are scarce, for the great mass of people in this world to-day appreciate or like music, and will go miles to hear the famous bands and soloists of our land.

Then is it not correct that there is some truth in the old fable of Orpheus? Hasn't the great sea of sin swallowed up much of the music of the soul and forced discord into our lives? Is the world sending forth to God perfect chords of moral harmony? We are obliged to confess that the exact reverse is true. However, Jesus came to restore

harmony and heal all the discords of life. The religion of Jesus Christ is one of music ; it can sing and does sing, even if some heathen jesters declared centuries ago that Christianity was the religion of the sorrowful. This statement was very early, and has continued to be, disproved. English literature is full of the lyrics of our Christ, and poets are still looking for some new song to compose to his glory. The sublimest oratorios have received their inspiration and words from Jesus Christ the man of Galilee. Christianity has redeemed music most assuredly.

It is true that in all conditions of life the soul has responded to music when all other influences have failed. We have read of a Grecian mother who saw her child on the brink of a precipice. To shout to him might only quicken his feet to step still closer to the edge, or so startle the child as to cause him to topple over. The mother with love and tact started a familiar air, and thus drew the little one to herself. Thus many a sinner wandering in dangerous places has been won by the Christ song. There are very few people in the world who can remain untouched while a tender, pleading song is sung. You may lose ground as you reason with one, you may get no response as you plead, but sing him a song and so often the emotions are touched and the will is helped to move. There is a charm, a power about a Christian song sung from the heart that is well-nigh irresistible, and God alone fully realizes its far-reaching influence.

There is a familiar story of a Scotch soldier who lay dying in one of our hospitals during the civil war. A minister went to him (himself a Scotchman) to tell him of Christ and his love. But the man turned his face away and would not listen, saying, "Don't talk to me about religion." The minister was silent a moment, and then he began to sing a hymn familiar to most in Scotland. It was the beautiful one of the sixteenth century, beginning,

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of Dundee. Nearly every one in Scotland knows it. As he was singing the dying soldier turned over and said, "Where did you learn that?" The minister replied, "Why my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the soldier, and the very fountains of his heart broke open as he then and there yielded himself to his Lord. This only proves the power of Christian song.

I have also been impressed with the power of music in worship. Rev. F. L. Chapell, one of my beloved teachers in the Gordon Training School, told me of his experience when he was a student at Rochester. Instead of going around to different churches to hear many preachers during the year, he settled on one church with which to worship and went regularly every Sunday. He said that he would often go early and take his seat in the auditorium, and while the organist was at the

organ, and its rich music floated out around him filling the whole building, he would bow his head and commune with his God. As the organ thundered in the power of its fulness he would meditate upon the power of the Omnipotent, Almighty (*El Shaddai*) One; as the organ quieted into the minor key, he would think of the sin and sorrow about him and go with the Christ toward Golgotha and stand by as they nailed his Saviour to the cross; and as the organist struck the notes of the major key he would respond to the chords of joy and triumph, and thank God for the risen Christ and the victorious gospel message that he has given to this sin-cursed world. Such was the ministry of music to him. He has gone now to that home where there are no discords but where all is sweetest harmony. We hope to meet him there and join with him in better music than we have ever enjoyed on earth. My reader, do we not need to pray that our natures may be made more susceptible to the privileges of Christian music?

CHARACTER AND STYLE

There is just as much character and style to music, and to what is called Christian music, as there is to the woman of to-day and her dress. There is a distinctive character and a unique style to what is known as evangelistic singing. Some of it is commendable and some of it is to be deplored. I pity those whose constant musical diet is taken from the rag-time popular sheet music, and

I have been in some homes where they had nothing else. I also pity those who think that all religious and evangelistic singing should be of the hop, skip, and jump kind. Nothing but jingle, jingle, get there as fast as you can with eighth and sixteenth notes thrown in so rapidly that you can hardly twist your tongue around the words and keep up to time. Then again, I pity those whose conception of church music forces them to sing so mournfully and slow that they would hinder and drag down almost any inquiring soul who was anxious to soar toward the joyful experiences of the Christian life. Without doubt there is a happy medium, a place for the bright, cheery songs of the gospel and the solid old hymns of the centuries.

CHORUS WORK

Under this heading I wish to write briefly of the place of chorus and congregational singing in our evangelistic work. The singing in the car has been congregational, with a few special singers at the front at times. In churches we have been able to secure a good chorus at nearly every town where we have held meetings. In most of the smaller towns it takes considerable energy and time to train the people to sing new songs. With the boys and girls we have little difficulty in teaching them to sing almost anything we choose to.

We believe with men like Mr. Alexander that there is great power in chorus singing. But it should be conducted in a reverent manner and have a deep

spiritual tone to it. The chorus leader should in some way impress upon the singers the thought of praising God with true heart reverence and love as they sing. I oftentimes like to ask all in the chorus and congregation to bow in quietness (perfectly still) as we pray God to bless us and help us to sing from the heart.

It does not seem right or helpful to the spirit of the meeting to have the chorus leader telling funny stories, or continuously making personal remarks between verses which make people laugh loudly. We do believe in bright, strong chorus and congregational singing, but always with reverential power rather than boisterous noise. Many times we find that the best effect can be produced at the end of the praise service by the chorus singing quietly some prayer song, like "Nearer, Still Nearer," by Mrs. C. H. Morris, and the congregation quietly uniting in the last verse. Then bow the head and some one lead in prayer.

Personally we enjoy the solid old hymns, and have used the Baptist Hymnal as the one song book during special meetings with churches. But we gladly use any book and any song that can be of help in truly praising God.

SOLO WORK

I am convinced that millions can gladly testify of the blessing that the gospel solo has been in their lives. How many times it has been the part of the entire service which impressed and helped most,

and how its sweetness and power have lingered through the entire week, and even for years! Thank God for the thousands of voices that have been used by God to portray his love and truth in song. There is unique power in the consecrated human voice. No soloist should sing of Christ and his message of salvation carelessly, or from mercenary or carnal motives; if any one ought to feel the need of being a genuine heart Christian, it is the one who voices God's truth in song. Mrs. Rust has been a soloist in our work most of the time, but I have had a number of consecrated young men to help me on occasions when she could not go. By means of the phonograph I have kept a record of each voice.

One may have a good voice and be a true Christian and yet not be an efficient soloist in evangelistic work. There must be a heart full of interest in the individual soul back of the song. Mrs. Rust sings to help people. Her message in song is as important as the preacher's message in word. She prays about it, she studies hearer and needs, and then in a very simple but whole-souled way, lets the voice speak for Christ. She endeavors to emphasize four things in all her solo work.

1. *Fitness.* She recognizes that it is exceedingly important that the songs fit into and add to the theme of the message. Her thought is not to divert the mind to her singing, but to impress the heart with the truth of the sermon. How many times the song from her lips has intensified and

deepened the truth of my sermon and cemented together its entire construction and truth and focused all the points into one! She has clipped from hundreds of song books during these years and has a large collection of songs to draw from. It matters not what I preach on, she, with keenest insight, seems to know just what song to sing. It matters not where the songs are secured. She takes them from the best sheet music or from the hymns of the Salvation Army. Any song that will fit when sung in the spirit will do.

2. *Enunciation.* You have heard some soloists sing, and while the tones were pitched perfectly you could not hear the words, and therefore the song had no effect upon you. Some soloists think only of striking the correct tones, but the gospel soloist must be careful to speak the words very distinctly if he would have his song effective. Some vocal music simply tolerates the words, but gospel songs many times only tolerate the music. Many hymn writers have excelled the tune writers. Sometimes the tune is worth but little, the words much. Mrs. Rust has taken the simplest and most commonplace tune and made it very effective, because she enunciates the words. Every word is heard. How many people have spoken to her after the meeting and said, "I did enjoy your solo so much because I could hear every word of it."

3. *Expression.* I have heard of a soloist who was practising in the presence of a relative, when the aunt said, "Griselda, you ought not to try to sing

when you are shaking so with the chills." "Why, auntie," the girl answered, "I am not shaking with the chills; I am practising on my tremolo." I am very sure that there is no "tremolo chill" about Mrs. Rust's solo work, but rather a calm, quiet expression of a warm, spiritual nature. Effective singing depends so much on expression and phrasing. One must note the punctuation marks and the meaning of the song. A singer can seldom sing a song best the first time. New meanings will dawn on one as she uses the song again and again. The time is not important. Murder the time if you choose when singing a solo. Make the eighth notes whole notes when you think best. Put in a hold or a rest anywhere you consider it wise, but get the whole sermon of the song expressed at any cost. Mrs. Rust has used the simple autoharp much as an accompaniment, and this has helped her in the expression greatly. She could play quietly or loudly or not play at all, to suit the expression of the song. The accompanist can show almost as much expression as the soloist.

4. *Heart Feeling.* I was reading of a soloist who had sung at the church service and was on her way home. On the street car she met a poor woman who looked in her face and said, "Lady, I want to tell you how I likes your voice, it goes right to my heart and makes me so happy, just as if I had heard the angels sing. I thank you." The reason for this effective singing is found in the fact that back of the voice there is a warm heart. The singer

studied words, music, and the meaning of the song until it became the experience of the soloist and then the voice simply poured forth the story of a heart. One can easily note that it comes from the depths of her being when Mrs. Rust sings. Other hearts feel it then and the song reaches the mark.

These four qualities of solo singing are what gave Sankey and Bliss, and now give Stebbins, Towner, and other soloists their power. Only eternity will reveal how many souls have been comforted, inspired and helped heavenward by God's use of Mrs. Rust's voice.

The following is an editorial from one of the daily papers at Owatonna, Minn., in 1904:

SONG, SWEET SONG

Lorenzo in the Merchant of Venice is made to say:

> But music for the time doth change his nature.
> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections as dark as Erebus;
> Let no such man be trusted.

And some one else has said: "Let me but make the songs of a people and I care not who may make the laws."

Music is the soul of poesy, and by this means the higher inspirations for good are carried to the masses, and the seeds there planted shall some day bring forth an abundant harvest.

Thrice blest is he who hath this gift of song.

And many more might have it if they would but cultivate the spirit of it. Music is an outburst of the soul in gladness. Through music the joy of the heart finds expression. It is as natural as laughter, and as simple. When one is listening for a few moments to the song of a master he is amazed at its

simplicity. How perfect it is in all its details! The melody, the harmony, the theme, the intonation, the words, the accent, the enunciation—all—how simple, how perfect, and how easily understood.

Those who have listened to the singing of Mrs. Rust at the "Meetings to Help People" at the Baptist church will know what is meant. How simple and plain and unaffected is all her work, and yet how masterful. She sings as though she had a message to give to the people and was giving it so that all, even the simplest might hear and understand. No pretense of art—no show of art—nothing but song, sweet song, coming from one heart and going out to the many. No show of self, no attempt at an exhibition; nothing but an echo of spirit, of a glad heart, a heart that would help people. Truly, it is good to stand in such a presence and listen to so sweet and tender and so unaffected a message.

Under such an inspiration it may truly be said of those whose hearts have been reached by her message, that "Music for the time doth change his nature." And the soul that is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds as interpreted by her, would surely be fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," and surely should not be trusted. And if there were more such sweet singers it would not matter so much what our laws were. Our hearts and our lives would be right and the people would surely be helped.

In addition to this beautiful tribute to the power of a simple song we read of an incident of our series of meetings that was recorded in the same paper. It seems that two young men came in from a neighboring town to attend a "show" in the opera house which is very near the Baptist church. Before going to the "show" they visited several saloons, and by eight P. M. were in anything but a gentlemanly condition. Being directed to the opera house, they by mistake got into the Baptist

church building. Both structures were large brick buildings near the court house, and they could easily make the mistake when under the influence of liquor. They stayed until the close of the meeting and returned to their homes. When asked the next morning, "How did you like the show?" they replied, "Oh, we have seen better shows in our own town, but the leading lady was a fine singer." Up to this time I had never been accused of being in the "show" business and Mrs. Rust had never been called a "leading lady."

During these years God has marvelously blessed this consecrated voice. Mrs. Rust is conscious that her voice hasn't the culture and power which is acquired by long years of training, but the many kind words from those who have been helped by her singing only prove that God can use an ordinary voice if it is given to him. My heart has ached as I have met young men and women who had remarkable talent in their voices, yet had been totally irresponsive to the call from God and have wasted those voices in their devotion to ragtime and superficial music. Others whom I have met have gladly consecrated this talent to their Lord and are to-day being greatly used of him.

In closing this chapter I will mention a few simple incidents that reveal the blessing of God upon the consecrated singing in the chapel car.

During a men's meeting I noticed a rough-looking young man crying while Mrs. Rust was singing. As he passed outside and walked with a friend by the

side of the car I could hear them talking, as the windows were open. The friend was chiding and ridiculing him, and finally asked him what he was bawling about. I heard him say, "Well, how could a fellow help it? A man's heart must be like stone if he couldn't feel like wanting to live better after hearing her sing."

During another series in a Minnesota town we had called at the home of a poor man in the country. In the evening he came to the living room of the chapel car before meeting, and said, "You came out to see our shack to-day and I thought I would come in early and take a look at yours." We gladly let him look over our apartments, and talked with him about being a Christian. I think he was truly convicted, but he was not willing to yield. He stayed through the meeting that night, but seemed unmoved as I asked those who wanted to be Christians to come forward. During the after meeting I asked Mrs. Rust to sing a touching solo while I was pleading. He sat there, deep in thought as she quietly sang, and I saw him move, get up, take off his great fur coat, and walk nobly down the aisle. His eyes filled with tears as he took my hand and said, "I could not stay there while she sung; I had to come."

Then I recall how all through these years Mrs. Rust has walked miles to sing at hospitals, at homes for the aged, in private homes where there were sick people, and at so many funerals; how she has gone from house to house in the country and

sung the gospel story into the hearts of the people. She is grateful to her Lord that he could use her voice to help these sorrowing ones, and she continues to ask him to make her a blessing to some one every day.

This chapter must not be closed without mentioning the fact that a number of godly young men have rendered valuable service as my assistants when Mrs. Rust could not go. God certainly used their consecrated voices. I gladly refer to them. To-day as I think of them I pray God's richest blessing upon each. Five of them are efficient pastors in the West, one of them has recently gone to Porto Rico, two of them are in business, and one is a well-known gospel singer.

VIII

RAILROAD DEPARTMENT

THIS chapter very pertinently takes its place in this book. Chapel cars and railroads are very closely linked together. The car would be useless without the railroad. In the providence of God our country has been covered with a network of steel, and this fact made chapel-car work possible. Surely this form of Christian service is railroading from beginning to the end of each year. The closest affiliation is needed to make the work a success. If it fails here the service is doomed. Many are the demands of the public upon the transportation companies. We have ever sought to have our work anything but a demand for favors, but rather have we tried to make the car work a part of their life—something that they would feel was theirs, not something forced upon them that has no rightful place on the rails, but a work that would seem to the officials and all a commendable and pleasing feature of railroad service. We believe that keen, level-headed railroad officials, who understand the nature of the chapel-car work, and have come in actual contact with it, would state that we do not need to apologize for being on their lines. We deserve a place there, and therefore

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ATIONS

are not foreign to railroad life, indeed form an integral part of it.

GROWTH OF RAILROADS

It is certainly very interesting to note the marvelous progress which has been made in railroad life since its inception less than a hundred years ago. In the year 1822 the first charter for a railroad in this country was secured. It was for a line from Philadelphia to a point on the bank of the Susquehanna river, but it was never built. When the announcement of the project was made in one of the Baltimore papers some one wrote to the editor and asked, What is a railroad anyhow? The editor replied that he did not know.

Seven years later, in 1829, the first locomotive was run on a little wooden track along the Lackawaxen creek. The trial was not successful, however, and for a number of years the trains or coaches were drawn by horses. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company started out its first locomotives it put sails on them that the wind might help when it was blowing the right way. The first time-table read like this: "This locomotive will leave this depot at 8 A. M. each morning, providing the weather is pleasant."

Slow progress was made up to the year 1850, for at that time there were not nine thousand miles of track in the entire country. Since then the development has been almost phenomenal. Since 1850 there has been enough railroad track con-

structed to reach more than eight times around the globe. If the second rail were used we have constructed enough to make a single steel line to the moon.

There are about one million five hundred thousand railroad men in service in this country to-day. If each of these men support, on an average, four people, then one person in every fourteen in our country is supported by the railroad interests. We are really in the beginnings of this advanced movement, and the next hundred years certainly will reveal unthought-of progress.

The presidents and officials of these eight hundred railroad companies of our country are known to be, in most instances, men of character, with large mental endowments, and worthy of holding the high positions that they do. While some may be justly accused of thinking of the "dollar," no matter how they get it, there are many of them who are generals in this mammoth industry and are really endeavoring to devote their time to perfecting the science of transportation, which is important in the development of this great country.

The *Railway Age* says: "One of the perils of our railways under the trend of events in recent years has been the excessive domination of Wall Street influences. There has been danger of too much financing and too little real railroading, too much regard to the technicalities of the balance sheet and too little substantial progress in the science of transportation."

These noble men are seeking to overcome this danger. They are also interested in every good work. We have been in personal touch with many of these men, and while nearly all have been considerate of our work, some of them have been exceedingly kind to us. We had worked in a town in Wisconsin for a few weeks. About a year after I wrote to the agent there telling him that we were thinking of stopping again and requesting a certain side-track if he could conveniently "spot" the car there. He sent a message to me the next day, which read like this: "Your letter received on No. 2 to-day. You may have any track you want except the main line. If this won't do we will build one that will." This reveals the kindness of the agents.

I would now like to give you an incident which manifests the kindness of the officials. Mrs. Rust, with baby Ruth and I had been working hard in a little churchless town in southern Wisconsin. We finished our work there just before Christmas and wanted to get to St. Paul as soon as we could. Arrangements were made through the division superintendent to have our car hauled on a local passenger train for part of the distance and, as they never hauled our car on the "limited," they were to haul us into St. Paul on another local passenger train the next day. Soon after leaving the little town the general manager's car was put on behind ours, and he and his officials, at my request, came in and called on us in the chapel car. This general manager had several children and soon was bouncing

Ruth on his knee. We had a pleasant chat with him and explained the work of the car to him fully. He and his officials went back into their car, and in a few moments, much to our surprise, his division superintendent came in and said that the general manager had given orders for No. 3, the "limited," to "pick us up" and take us to St. Paul. That general manager had noted how tired Mrs. Rust was, and out of the goodness of his heart had arranged for this so that we could get in earlier. He has been kind to us in many ways all through these ten years. That division superintendent was always trying to help us in our work. He was a noble man and beloved by all. He has gone to his heavenly home. Words cannot express the feelings of my heart as I think of the kindness of this general manager (who is president now) and his officials during these many years.

I must also mention the fact that engineers (some of them devoted Christians), firemen, trainmen, conductors, and all, have in most instances done their utmost to make our life on the rails a happy one.

There has never been a day in the history of chapel-car work when our service was thought more of than it is to-day. Many of my readers know that our chapel car "Messenger of Peace" was in the St. Louis Exposition for seven months and thousands of visitors examined its equipment and inquired into its work. One day about fifteen prominent railroad officials of our country who had been appointed on the committee of judges to decide

about the awarding of medals filed into the car, the doors were locked, and for an hour they examined into every detail of its construction, purpose, and work. No better missionaries than Rev. J. P. Jacobs and wife could have met them and answered their many questions. When the time came for awarding the medals this committee had difficulty in deciding what to do about the chapel car because it was not there to enter into competition with any other car of similar kind. The Anheuser-Busch Brewery car was beside it, but they could not put the two in the same class. At first these judges decided that the best they could do was to give it honorable mention; then one prominent official arose and said that he believed it was deserving of something better than that, and he would like to make a motion that they present the Society with a silver medal. The vote was taken and the silver medal goes to "Messenger of Peace." This fact certainly reveals what thoughtful railroad men think of the chapel car.

Thus the chapel car is a railroad institution and the missionary is a railroad man. He lives on the rail more than many train men. He is identified with the one and one-half million of men who are known as railroad men. While not being officially connected with the brotherhood, yet he is one of them. He works side by side with them, cleaning the car or in any other honorable position. There is no chasm between them. Oftentimes there is genuine fellowship and sometimes Christian fel-

lowship. He never tries to get them into trouble by reporting trifles, but ever seeks to get them out of trouble. I remember that a brakeman had given his signals to back the train in near a loading dock. The chapel car was too long to make the curve without touching, and the result was that the new varnish was scratched for eighteen feet. I did not know how or where it was done. One day the brakeman called and told me he felt badly about it and decided that he must come and confess that he did it. Do you think that I would report him ? I have never known of one instance of a train man maliciously injuring my car. We seek to help them in switching and cleaning, building new spur tracks, and in every way possible. We want to be anything but a nuisance to the train crews. Coming in contact with them has been a blessing in more ways than one. I like the "system" that characterizes their work. Every one under "orders." No guess work or haphazard, slipshod business. How we need this in our Christian work !

ACTUAL WORK AMONG THE MEN

The chapel car was not designed to work among the railroad men. The possibilities along this line developed after the work was started.

I always seek to impress upon the men the fact that we do not hold meetings for them because they are known to be a "bad lot" and much worse than other men. We go to them not because they are RAILROAD men but because they are MEN on rail-

roads. They have temptations, burdens, sorrows, and needs common to all mankind, and oftentimes they do not have as many church privileges as some other men. Then again, if they have gotten out of the way of going to church the meetings in a car might appeal to them more than the ordinary church building would. We have found this to be true, for men have told me that the service in the car was the first religious meeting they had attended for many years.

MEETINGS AT YARDS AND SHOPS

Often have we held meetings in the yards where the cars are cleaned and the trains made up. The men have gathered for a thirty-minute song service at the noon hour. A short talk, prayer, and solo have helped them to go back to their work with a purpose to be faithful and true to their Lord. The car is used at the "shops" at the noon hour. It is side-tracked near the door of some large building where many men are. In some of these shops there are five hundred men. The invitation is sent out on a printed slip, "Come just as you are." They eat a hurried lunch, let the "smoke" go, and rush to the car at 12.20 just as they are, with bare arms, begrimed faces, and overalls on. Oftentimes we have had more than a hundred men in the car each noon. This isn't removing the church to the suburbs, but literally moving it to the people. We always make much of the singing, both in solo and by the congregation. How these men will sing.

Scripture is read, a short talk on such subjects as "The Main Line," "The Wreck," "Orders," "On Time," "Danger Signals," and other similar topics is given, a solo and a quiet season of prayer follow, and the meeting closes at 12.55 noon. As the men pass out the missionary has a tract for each one each day, and the last day a copy of Proverbs or Gospel of John is given to each man to remember the car by as he carries the book daily in his vest pocket. Thus seed is sown that will surely bear fruit.

These shop meetings are always in large towns or cities at division points. We hold afternoon and evening meetings in the church building during our stay in the town (three meetings a day), thus endeavoring to invite the laboring man to the privileges of the church of Christ.

We know that much good is done in these "shop" meetings. At a series of meetings at a town in Wisconsin where we had delightful times with the shop men I noticed that a man came in and sat on the rear seat every noon and remained there until 12.43 o'clock, then hurried out. I ascertained that he had to go out to blow the whistle at 12.45, as he was the engineer at the shops. I wondered whether he was getting any good from the meetings or not. The last day came. The men had all filed out and some were in tears as they passed me after I had taken their hands and given to each a book. This engineer returned after blowing his whistle and came to me. I took his hand and said, "Good-bye.

God bless you." He looked into my face and said, as his voice choked, "Mr. Rust, I want to thank you for these meetings. I cannot go to church very much, as I am obliged to look after my engine every Sunday, but I want you to know that these meetings have helped me much, and the other day I went in and kneeled by my engine and told my Lord I would yield myself to him."

I was boarding a street car in St. Paul one day when a woman grasped my arm and exclaimed, "Mr. Rust." I did not know what I had done to be caught thus in such a public place and felt a little embarrassed. She relieved my mind by saying, "You are the man that held meetings out at the railroad shops. Well, I want to tell you that my husband was converted through you and he is living a happy Christian life and has united with the church." I answered, "Praise the Lord. I am glad enough to know that God helped and saved your husband." She left me and I went to my seat in the car and soon passed the very shops where that man had been converted. I felt a special joy in my soul and lifted my heart in gratefulness to God for using us to help men, and I also thanked him for dear old "Glad Tidings." Surely we have had reason to believe that the chapel cars have a mission to help railroad men. We have found the men very appreciative of our work. They have always sent a vote of thanks to the officials of the company at the end of our meetings.

I will copy one, which will serve as a sample :

We, the employees of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railroad, in meeting assembled, do hereby desire to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Rust, of the chapel car "Glad Tidings," our earnest appreciation, respect, and love for the good we have received from their teachings.

We sincerely hope, God willing, that we shall meet again in the near future to renew the pleasant and profitable meetings just ended. We also desire to extend our thanks to the officials of our company for giving the chapel car trackage at our shops, for it has been a blessing to all.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Rust, Mr. W. A. Scott, our General Manager, and Mr. J. C. Stewart, General Superintendent.

[Signed] DUNCAN F. ERSKINE,
President of the meeting.
EDWARD R. JOHNSON,
Secretary of the meeting.

I can cheerfully certify to the above.

J. J. ELLIS, Master Mechanic.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 19, 1899.

THE TOUCH OF THE INDIVIDUAL MAN

In addition to the work among the men at the shops there is the touch of the individual railroad man as we come in contact with him in the regular meetings and in personal conversation all along the line. Seldom do we hold a series of meetings without seeing some man who lives on the line touched and helped into the Christian life. All classes have been converted, from section men to conductors and dispatchers. I will mention a few.

1. *A Section Foreman.* In a little town in Minnesota, where there were but a dozen houses clustered near a depot, we were side-tracked some nine

years ago. We found the people without religious privileges, there being no Sunday-school or church. The section foreman and his family lived near the station. He with many other men there had no regard for the things of God. Sundays in summer were spent in sports and he was very profane. His boys seldom heard him speak without an oath. He was far from being the man he ought to be in his home. The meetings were well attended, the car being filled to overflowing many nights. The foreman attended nearly every meeting and was soon under deep conviction of sin. He could not sleep nights and could hardly work during the day. As I gave the invitation one evening for all who wanted to be Christians to confess it, he arose and sobbingly said: "If God will only forgive me, I will, by his grace, live a better life." A new power came into his soul and he immediately manifested it to his loved ones and to those whom he worked with. His home was greatly changed. Bible reading and prayer were taken up. His wife became a Christian. They both united with the church which was soon after organized. He became superintendent of the Sunday-school. During these years he has made many failures as we all have, but I am confident that he is endeavoring to serve his Lord conscientiously and that he is doing his work on the road-bed faithfully. He and his wife have brought up a noble family of four boys and one girl, and these children have had the example of godly parents.

2. *A Gravel-pit Foreman.* About eight years ago, during meetings in southern Wisconsin, a man who was foreman of the gravel-pit crew attended the meetings regularly and became interested in his own salvation from sin. After about a week's services had passed, I had a personal talk with him and he bowed before his God and pleaded forgiveness for his sinful and indifferent life. He was hopefully converted and, with his wife and two children, was baptized and united with the church. He became active in all the work of the church and helped in erecting a new meeting-house in the little town where he lived. During these eight years he has been faithful to his Lord and has charge of the same gravel pit. He has been changed from a sinful man to one who is exceedingly scrupulous about everything. The division superintendent on the line told a friend of mine that soon after his conversion this man was in the superintendent's office. The superintendent offered him a cigar and he said, "I have quit smoking since the chapel car came to my town." He then proceeded to tell him how he attended one of our afternoon meetings for boys and girls when I had given a talk on "Danger Signals" and had referred to the danger of using tobacco and drinking beer. He said further: "On my way home from that meeting I threw my old pipe away and determined not to drink any more beer. I did not want to set a wrong example before my own boys. And more than that, Mr. M——, I want you to know that you have a better man

working for you since the chapel car came. I don't go near the saloon now. I have more time and a clearer head and stronger muscles to put into my work at the 'pit.'"

3. *A Conductor.* Our car was sidetracked in another Wisconsin town about two years ago. At the afternoon meetings a noble boy of twelve years of age intelligently yielded his young life to Christ. He was the son of this conductor. The boy was baptized and became a member of the church with his mother. After we had been there a short time, the boy came to me and asked me to talk with his father. I told him I would and therefore went to the depot the next day to meet him. He seemed very friendly as we talked about railroad matters and his boy and he accepted my invitation to come to the meetings. He came and kept coming and became deeply interested. He was soon under conviction. His wife talked with him, pleading with him to yield his heart to Christ. He resisted the Spirit's call and sometimes stayed away from meetings. Finally, two nights before I left, he responded and told his wife he was ready and yielded in his own room, quietly but sincerely. He told his boy that he would go forward the next night, which was our last in town. Just before the service, the boy came to me with his eyes shining and his face radiant with joy and said, "Mr. Rust, I have a surprise for you to-night." I told him I could guess what it was. I soon saw his father and mother coming in, and as they came down the aisle and occupied a

seat near the front, I recognized a new light in the man's face, therefore it did not surprise me to see him walk down to the front and take my hand as I asked for some men in a manly way to confess Christ. The people knew him very well and at his request he was received for church-membership that night. He wanted me to baptize him before I left. Our train went at 9.30 A. M. and his left at 7 A. M., therefore we decided on 5.30 A. M. for the baptism. The next morning a party of eight of us wended our way to the river-side. The Scriptures were read, prayer was offered by the district missionary who was with us, songs were sung, and as the rising sun kissed the waters with its luminous rays and seemed to smile God's approval, he was buried with Christ in baptism. He immediately left for his home, ate his breakfast, went to the station, and as he rode out on his train, waved his hand and smiled, showing very clearly that the blessing of the Lord was filling his soul.

He and his loved ones are working faithfully in the church to-day and he is seeking to let his light shine along the line.

4. *A Brakeman.* In order to reach a certain town in North Dakota, our car was "cut off" from a main line train and attached to a mixed train that cared for the business of the branch line. It was in the days of "link and pin" couplings. The brakeman was terribly profane and freely expressed his disgust at being obliged to couple our car on, as he was having difficulty in making the connection.

He didn't want any church car on his train. However, the coupling was made and we arrived at the little town which was at the end of the line. The brakeman lived here and attended the meetings. One Sunday afternoon, at a men's meeting, he kneeled and asked God to forgive him for his sins. At the evening meeting, in a church crowded with hundreds of people and while seated by the side of his wife, he decided to respond to my invitation for all men who would yield themselves to God to come forward, so after turning to his wife and saying, "I am going," he arose and came manfully down the aisle with several other men. He told me after the meeting that on the way down to the front the whole burden of his sin seemed to roll away. His wife confessed Christ soon afterward and both became members of the church. They had two children and were a happy family as they accepted the Bibles I presented to them.

When we came down the line on his train, this brakeman seemed to have no trouble with the couplings and was a different man in every way. He manifested interest in our work, came in and talked with us, telling us of his old home and his dear mother and said, "I have written to her of my becoming a Christian and expect a letter at the division point to-day." Sure enough, when he arrived and had finished his work, he went to the post office and received his letter. He was so excited that he could hardly read it, so he brought it to me and stood by my side, looking over my

shoulder as I read it. I cannot recall the exact phraseology of it, but it read something like this: "My dear boy Charlie: Your letter with its good news has come. Oh, how I praise God that my prayers are answered! When I received it, Charlie, I went upstairs and, kneeling by the old bed where you slept so many nights, I held it up and thanked God that my dear boy was saved from sin and had given his life to God." How the tears of joy rolled down the young man's cheeks as he said to me: "Mr. Rust, that letter is worth more than all the pleasures of sin."

I need not record any more incidents of the work in this department. These will certainly give some idea of how the chapel car helps the men on the railroad.

IX

RESURRECTION DEPARTMENT

THE title of this chapter may cause wonder as to what its contents can be, therefore I will state at once that in this department we will consider the work with the weak and dying churches. Because so many of the churches that we have helped have been practically "dead," we thought that we could pertinently name these pages "resurrection department."

ACTUAL CONDITIONS

He who is familiar with Baptist church life in the West, is conscious that there would be great danger of organizing churches under the stress of the evident need for some moral help to the community, and in the enthusiasm of "boom" times, which would be difficult to care for. It is one thing to organize a church of a few people, and it is quite another matter to keep that church alive. The missionary of any of our societies goes into a town, holds meetings, men and women are converted and even if they cannot have a settled pastor at once, or all the time, they ought to be together in a church. So a church and Sunday-school are organized and work begun and under the wise

leadership of the state superintendent of missions and convention missionaries, many of these very small interests have developed into self-supporting churches. On the other hand, and with no blame to be laid upon any one, many have struggled on for a few years and died. This does not leave us to infer, however, that these interests should not have been organized. Who dares to state that a small church which lived for ten years, and helped many a soul into the light and sent forth some of the noblest workers this world has known, should not have been organized, because after a decade of years of service it succumbs to the inevitable because of removals and changed conditions, and dies? Some of these little churches have left the record of a glorious past. They actually finished the work that God gave them to do. Then we must not forget the individual souls and lives saved while they were alive. These young men and women have gone out to help in some other field. Yea, they have gone to all parts of the world, and God's kingdom is advancing because of them. The individual life that is saved for Christ never dies even if the church in which he was born does.

Nevertheless we do not like to see churches dying, and the boards of our State Conventions and Home Mission Society, and those of all other denominations (for they have the same problems), are doing all in their power, with limited resources, to keep alive these struggling interests. It does make one's heart ache to see the great need, to

have calls come in for twice the help that can be given. The American Baptist Publication Society, through its Sunday-school missionaries, colporters, and chapel-car missionaries, has ever sought to help in the important work of reviving dying churches. All over the great West we have tried our best to aid the struggling ones, and many accounts could be given of the blessed results which have come from the visits of the workers of this Society.

The chapel cars were built especially to reach the churchless communities, *i. e.*, those desolate places where no building could be found in which to hold a meeting. But when so many calls came from the dying churches, and the State Convention wanted us to help them if possible, Uncle Boston went first, as I have done since, to the officials of the railway line and after telling them of the calls received from these weak churches, and the importance of keeping alive that which was born, asked them if they were willing to give us trackage in these towns. They saw the reasonableness of our doing this work, and gladly granted us the privilege of helping in this direction. During these years we have visited many a church that was almost ready to "disband," and God has wonderfully blessed as we have sought to encourage and strengthen them.

Perhaps it might be well for me to briefly describe the towns where these churches are, as well as inform the reader more fully regarding some problems which have to be met. Generally these weak and dying churches are in towns of a popula-

tion ranging from three hundred to two thousand five hundred people. Some of these towns are fully equipped with all modern conveniences. Towns of seven hundred people will have electric lights, an elegant school building, and other up-to-date comforts in the homes. But many towns are far from modern. Some are in the woods. Some are little villages on the prairie where the whole appearance is that of a pioneer settlement. However, we seldom get into any town but that we find some cultured and intellectual people. These people have come from cities and large churches, and are in those towns to "grow up with the country," looking forward to the time when their prosperity will enable them to live as they once did.

I remember visiting a little Swedish community of some seventy-five people clustered near a depot. I found that the "banker" and his wife were very cultured people. She was a graduate of Oberlin and he was a musician as well as she. They were accustomed to spend their evenings in study, continuing their work in music, languages, and current reading together. The people of this class in all these towns want good preaching, and sometimes are disposed to take nothing if the pastor is not up to their standard, even if he is the best that they and the Convention could pay for. This makes an added difficulty for those who try to supply these needy fields. However, many of these cultured people are Christian enough to be thankful for what they can have, and gladly do all they can to

help in the field where they live. Once in a while we will find a town that is over-churched but not often. If these churches could be revived, souls converted and manned by good, substantial men, there would be no cry of "too many churches."

HOW WE ARE TREATED

It is a pleasure for me to write that during these visits to small churches, we have met some very choice Christian people who were exceedingly kind to us in many ways, and whose friendship we now prize very highly. We had left our home in the East and they gave us the use of theirs. They often sent food to the car, for we could not cook anything. They also invited us to dinner many times. We are glad to state that, generally speaking, we have been treated royally by one and all, in every town we have visited. We have endeavored to be kind to all and we have, except in a very few instances, received nothing but kindness in return.

In one town where we were side-tracked the missionary was obliged to go to bed for three days because of an attack of tonsilitis. The car was on a special track and the rear steps were high from the ground. Mrs. Rust could not easily get on and off the car. A good Baptist brother who lived near the car came over and saw that Mrs. Rust needed some steps there and at once. Therefore he went to his house (a new one), took away the front steps, brought them over and fitted them to those of the chapel car. Could any one do any more for

us? I might add that when the car left that town, the missionary was not with it, and the steps were carried off by mistake. They were shipped back however, and are in their right place at this time.

Perhaps there may be an interest in knowing what was done when we were not treated kindly. I will tell of two instances. They occurred nearly ten years ago and nothing of the kind has been repeated since:

One morning in April of 1895 I stepped out from the car door at an early hour to get some coal. As I went alongside the car I was amazed to find printed on the side with red paint, great letters nearly two feet high and covering a space of some thirty feet, which formed the words "CATTLE CAR." I touched it and found it was fresh. Some mischievous person had put it there during the night. Happy to find it was not dry I rushed in, tore up a pair of old trousers, and carefully rubbed off every particle of it before breakfast. I did not mention it in the meetings although the editor of the paper scored the miscreant terribly. God helped me to keep quiet and sweet, and we had the biggest meeting that the town had ever known.

At a later time in another town in the same State something I had said about secret societies had been misquoted to a prominent merchant and "Mason" in the town, and I was afterward told that he inspired some "roughs" to egg the car one cold night in winter. They certainly egged it and it was a sight to behold when I arose the next

morning. The cultured people of the town were ashamed to think that they had people in the town who would do such a thing. One business man came to me and told me how badly he felt about it. If you had been there you could have seen the missionary taking off the storm sash to clean them, as the eggs had run down on the inside and frozen. With warm water he washed the side of the car, and that evening preached as sweet a gospel sermon as he knew how, not once referring to the "egging episode." Learning that a certain business man was back of it all, he went to the store of this man, bought some articles from him that were not particularly needed, and treated him kindly every day. The man told some one that he never expected to see me in his store again. The effect of trying to carry out the spirit of Matt. 5 : 44 and Rom. 12 : 19, 20 was very evident in the meetings, and we left that town with a host of friends. Such instances have been exceedingly rare and when we think of the delightful times we have enjoyed in these small towns, and can see the picture of scores of people at the station waving their hands and weeping as they said "Good-bye," we have only pleasant memories of the visits we have made to these towns.

HOW THE CAR HELPS

The power of the chapel car to help these struggling churches has been demonstrated most conclusively during our life on wheels. Picture, if you can, a small body of believers in a little, lonely

town where wickedness abounds and indifference is evident. See them as they struggle on sometimes with no pastor and no preaching of any kind. They feel so helpless and discouraged. Enthusiasm dies because they are so few, yet they toil on faithfully, hoping that some one will come to help them. Then note the pastor in one of these towns—living on a very meagre salary, not being able to afford any new books, missing the fellowship that his brethren in the city enjoy so much, trying to preach the gospel boldly and lovingly and often driving into the country for miles around to touch the schoolhouse districts. He and his church cannot afford to engage an evangelist and they need any one but a poor worker to help them.

Some of these pastors and their wives have much hard pioneer work to do, and they certainly deserve all the help that we can give them. I have known of pastors driving across the country forty to fifty miles to make three appointments on a Sunday, and sometimes the mercury registers away down below zero. The wives are no less heroic. Sometimes the most cultured of young women have taken their places beside these noble and sacrificing pastors and, while suffering very much because of their isolation, have toiled on faithfully with their husbands for Christ's sake and for the sake of the needy ones about them. It has been a delight to run the car into a little town where these servants of God are laboring, and seek to encourage and help them.

Can you not imagine how the pastor and mem-

bers feel, when in answer to their request the beautiful Baptist church on wheels rolls into town? How proud they are of it, as they invite neighbors and friends to go down to see it and attend the meetings. Every Baptist grows wonderfully at first sight of it and he is glad that he is a Christian and a Baptist. And oftentimes those who have forgotten their Christ and lost their first love, will suddenly declare with considerable fervor, "I am a Baptist," and get a good start toward a genuine Christian life at the first meeting. The car itself actually revives the dying embers of soul. Then it always creates a stir in town. It is the "big thing." Every one is talking about it. It shows that Christianity is not dying, but on the move. There are level-headed men putting their money into it. It exerts a powerful influence upon the people who have classed Christianity with the useless and discredited antiquities of the ages. The novelty of it also attracts. Something new appeals to all Athenians everywhere. The fact that they want something new and totally different from anything else, opens the door for the entrance of a message from the "old gospel."

Where pastors have preached to a very few, crowds are at the car. It will seat more than one hundred and oftentimes one hundred and thirty-five attend every meeting. This is a large congregation for these small churches. Oftentimes we are crowded out of the car in a town of four hundred people. Meetings are then taken to a hall, and we

use the car for all afternoon services. I was helping a missionary pastor awhile ago. He had eighteen out the Sunday evening previous. At our first meeting we had about one hundred and thirty-five in the car and many outside. The town needed something special to arouse the people. In this work, all the other evangelical churches are benefited. Hundreds of people who have been converted in the chapel cars have united with these churches. We are very glad that this is manifestly true in nearly every town we visit.

We were holding meetings in a mining town in Minnesota eight years ago. A man who was the engineer of the stationary engine at one of the mines came to the meeting regularly. He was away from his home and living in a shack. He was an exceptionally moral and clean man for that region, and one who rather prided himself upon the fact. One night after meeting he asked me: "Mr. Rust, do you mean to tell me that an upright, honest man, who pays his bills and does the best he can, is going to the same place a murderer goes to just because he will not accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour?" I might have argued with him some along the line that I had not found that man who was perfectly upright, nor the man that could take oath that he never could have been better, but I simply asked him,

"Do you think that man to whom you refer is saved?" He said "No."

"Well, then, my friend, he must be lost. Not lost because he is as bad as the murderer, but lost

because he as a sinner will not accept Christ who is the only Saviour."

He did not like it for he was the man. He went home and came back another night, and at the invitation for all who wanted to be Christians to arise, he arose with tears streaming down his cheeks and came into the back room with me.

He was sobbing and I said, "My brother, don't feel so, please kneel with me and tell God how you feel." He knelt, put his elbows in the seat of a little office chair, took hold of the back with his hands, and swayed back and forth crying as if his heart would break. With an outburst of feeling he cried, "O God, forgive me for my sins."

You notice he did not ask God to forgive him for his uprightness. He had none to bring. He thought of himself as a sinner and one who needed a Saviour. He was soon out into the blessed light of salvation, rejoicing in a Saviour found. He wrote his wife and received a reply of joy that did him more good than he could express, for she had prayed for him for a long time. We went to the town where his wife lived, and he came up and together they came to the car, and there, before all who knew him, he told of his new-found salvation. That man, to-day, is a true follower of Christ, active in every good work for the Master. He is an honored member of the M. E. Church.

VISIBLE RESULTS

Probably the best way to show what the work of the chapel car is in helping these weak Baptist

churches, would be to write of some actual visits that we have made to them, telling of the condition when we arrived, and of the visible results as we left. I will select one from each of the five States in our territory, which is within a radius of about four hundred miles from Minneapolis.

The first one will be from Iowa. In consultation with the superintendent of missions we had concluded to hold some meetings in the northwestern part of the State, in a little churchless town near Spirit Lake. The meetings were blessed, souls were converted, ten were baptized, and about seventeen in all were ready to organize a Baptist church, which was done after the district missionary and superintendent of missions came and looked over the field. It was thought best not to erect a meeting-house then, so a hall was secured and chairs and organ purchased. While here we looked into the condition at Spirit Lake. Their pastor had just gone, but he had persuaded them to complete plans for remodeling their old meeting-house, and they had finished the basement of the addition before he left, I think. We called on some of the members but they hardly knew whether they could proceed to build or not. The good deacon had gone away. I wrote to him. He returned soon, and came over to our meetings in the near-by town. He told me that they had not given up the idea of finishing the building at Spirit Lake, and wanted to know if I could get the chapel car there and hold meetings in it until the church could be completed. I told him

I thought we could, and as the superintendent of missions had asked me to get there and help them if possible, I went to Cedar Rapids, saw the railroad officials, and they agreed to build a "spur track" so the chapel car could stay for a number of weeks. The faithful members were busy on the building, and we had the privilege of trying to put a few shingles on the roof. Soon the chapel car arrived and meetings began. The car was filled to overflowing. Many were converted, and church-members were revived. The little band of believers was encouraged. The building was nearing completion and December 8 Rev. S. E. Wilcox came and took charge of the dedication services, raising enough money to clear the debt. During the next week I baptized twenty-three and some six others were received by experience and letter, swelling the membership to about forty-five as I remember it. It was thought best to have the members in the small town near by unite at this central church, and some seventeen more were received. The State Convention recognized the importance of the field, and agreed to help, securing an able pastor, who was soon on the field. He is there to-day and has been greatly used to build up this church. Thus the chapel car was just the blessing needed at this critical time in their history. What a privilege and power there is in having a movable meeting-house to run in and use, while a little church is enlarging the meeting-house. How its coming, and the meetings helped when they were

so discouraged ! The meetings interested so many that it was much easier to secure money for a pastor.

I will now ask the reader to take a trip with me into South Dakota. We will stop at a little town of some seven hundred people. Skepticism, open sin, and indifference abound. There were two evangelical churches, but no resident pastor for either. They alternated in meetings, a preacher of each denomination coming every other Sunday. We were told that more interest was manifested in our meetings than was ever known before. God alone knows the results, but many were converted and helped. Some united with the Methodist church and thirteen were baptized into the Baptist church before we left. Prayer meetings were arranged for with printed topics and leaders, and a young people's society was organized. Letters from there reveal the fact that lives were changed for eternity, and a happy, hopeful condition prevails.

We will take a trip into Wisconsin now and travel away up in the north central part of the State. The superintendent of missions had repeatedly requested us to go there. We arrived at our destination safely, and found that we were sidetracked in a town of some three hundred people. There were fourteen saloons to mar the beauty of the charming little town by the lake, and only one Protestant church organization with no pastor to offset this. The Baptists were keeping up their Sunday-school and were being supplied occasionally

by a Methodist preacher. When I talked with the Baptist people they told me that there was little hope of ever having a pastor again. But the blessing of the Lord came with the car and a number were converted. I baptized about a dozen and some were received by experience. New song books were purchased and a pastor was to be on the field. We left them with their small membership more than doubled, and all determined to work hard for Christ. The State Convention is looking out for them.

We must make one stop at a town in Minnesota. At the Summer Assembly one summer about five years ago the superintendent of missions came to me and asked me to try and get the chapel car into a lumber town in the northern part of the State. It was a new town of some thousand people, but destined to be a center for a very large territory of lumbering interests. He said that he expected to have a missionary of the Convention there also, and we could work together. Rev. William Francis, who has been "assistant" at the First Baptist Church, Minneapolis, for a number of years, and who recently left us for his heavenly home, was the one he sent. Mr. Francis went ahead of me, began his work there, and advertised the coming of the car. Upon our arrival we found ourselves in a rapidly growing and very wicked town.

It is hard for me to pen these lines without tears flowing, for I am constantly thinking of my dear Brother Francis. How we toiled together there.

What a noble man he was. I loved him and admired him. Thank God for the hope of meeting him in heaven. I have decided to let his pen write of the work in this town. The following is what he wrote after our visit:

During the week previous to the arrival of the chapel car I investigated, advertised, and prayed, believing as I did that God was in some way going to bless this little three-year old town. At the first Sunday morning service, August 26, the attendance was but four, in the evening eighteen, and at Sunday-school two. Indeed, things looked most unpromising. Saturday evening, September 2, the first meeting was held in the chapel car "Glad Tidings," and the attendance reached almost the one hundred mark, and comparatively little time was spent advertising the stay of the car. Meetings were held each day, both afternoon and evening. I think I can safely say that some one accepted Christ at every meeting held. I know of more than thirty professing Christians who had their lives touched and brought into a more consistent Christian life. Fully forty persons accepted Christ, sixteen of whom have been baptized; besides these there were many who were deeply stirred, and who we hope will decide for Christ.

The entire religious life of the town was molded by the meetings. One of the brightest effects of the whole series of meetings was that whole families were saved. Among the converts were several Roman Catholics. At one baptism four members of one family were baptized, the father, mother, and two daughters. On Sunday, October 1, a family consisting of a lady sixty-five years of age, her son and his wife and daughter, went down into Lake Bemidji with Mr. Rust and were baptized. Never have we seen anything quite so impressive and touching as this family baptism.

Those who live in the more thickly settled portion of the country do not realize what it means to live a Christian life in a frontier town like Bemidji. The young Christians are

daily thrown into temptations that would make any but the strongest shrink. Pages might be filled with incidents of the work of the four weeks. Many of the converts will unite with the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, both of which feel the stimulating power of the grand work done by the chapel-car missionaries. The work of Brother Rust and the car gave me time to direct my attention to the church building, for which some subscriptions had been taken a year previous, but which had largely lapsed by removal or other changed conditions. Stone was secured with the money then on hand and the foundation for a building thirty by forty feet laid. Brethren Rust and Tipton went with me around the lake and helped to trim the logs which had been donated by Mr. T. B. Walker, of Minneapolis. These were taken to a sawmill across the lake and sawed. They furnished enough lumber to enclose the building. But for the aid of the chapel-car missionaries all this could only have been accomplished with a much greater effort and expense, both of time and money. Humanly speaking, the Baptist cause was lost in Bemidji but for the coming of this ready-to-hand, up-to-date church on wheels—not only for preaching and singing the gospel, but for helping every want of the community. Sixteen have been baptized, nine more ready for baptism, and will be as soon as the church is completed; ten more to come into church by experience, so that the membership will be about forty. There were but five members of the church. The Sunday-school had been practically given up. It is now reorganized with about fifty members. The church building is in process of erection, and about November 1 will be ready for occupancy.

I think one can easily see that the chapel car was a genuine help to the work of the State Convention here, and that God used us to help "raise the dead."

Brother Francis toiled on faithfully until the building was completed. Five years have gone by since

our visit to that town, and great have been the changes. It is rapidly developing into a much better town. The State Convention has continued the work there ever since. The church is growing under the ministrations of a faithful pastor and they have a new parsonage and an enlarged house of worship.

Our last trip will be from Minnesota to Nebraska. I attended the Board meeting in Omaha, March 31, 1905, and then at the direction of Brother Brinstad, the state superintendent of missions, went directly to the town of Bancroft, Neb. He told us that we would find a weak church without any pastor and they would need all the help we could give them. After the car was side-tracked we hunted up the Baptists. They were delighted to greet us and glad we had come so soon. Upon consulting with them and looking around the town we ascertained that we were in a town of some six hundred people, four Protestant churches, but no pastor in any church at work. The pastor of the Presbyterian church was laid aside by illness and had resigned his charge. There had not been a pastor in town all winter. The Baptists had kept up their Sunday-school and prayer meeting and were hoping for some one to come and help them. For years they had prayed for the town and they believed that their prayers were to be answered in the visit of the chapel car and its missionaries.

We found the religious life of the town at a low ebb, the only regular prayer meeting being that of

the Baptist church and this attended by only a few people. The people received us cordially everywhere, some actually hungering for a little spiritual help. In calling upon the people I found them very responsive and, at the first invitation given in the car for those who wanted to be Christians to express it, nine arose. Men became interested. Some who never attended church came. Every one talked of the car meetings. The boys and girls crowded the afternoon services and we were obliged to take the evening meetings to the church building before a week had passed. At the very first Sunday morning service I found a man thirty-five years of age waiting for me to talk with him. He was in tears and told me that he had never had any service take hold of him as ours did. He wanted to be a Christian if God would forgive him and save him. We bowed in prayer right there and he yielded himself to God. We found so many who seemed to misunderstand Christ and the gospel. How God helped us to pour into those hearts the blessed story of a Christ living and dying for men! And they did appreciate it so much. Mrs. Rust's singing touched them. Many came and told her how this and that song melted them. These people showed their kindness to us in so many ways. All wanted to know what they could do for us. One business man had his daily paper, which came from Minneapolis, sent to the car every morning. Another business man sent down a load of hard coal, etc. At the close of the meetings the men assembled in

the chapel car decided to send a vote of thanks to the railway company.

What about results ? God alone knows all. All Christians were helped. The whole religious life of the community was strengthened. One man told me that the town would respect Christianity as never before. The little Baptist church began to take on new life. The baptistery was repaired. Baptisms occurred during our meetings. Some thirty-three people were received by baptism, letter, and experience. The Baptists were given a new standing in the community and the State Convention sent in one of their missionaries to care for the church until a suitable pastor could be secured. Mr. John Shaw, who was a deacon in this church for years, died in California the day we began services in Bancroft. His body was brought home and the chapel-car missionary preached the funeral sermon to more people than the church building could hold. The prayer of this godly man had been for a revival in his church. His life made every one believe in Christ. The funeral was impressive and was more than an incident in their lives. It served to deepen the conviction in the hearts of many. The influence of this noble man was very perceptible. During the last few days of the three weeks' meetings the interest was truly wonderful. One man said he had lived there sixteen years and never had he seen anything like it. One man who was a backslider and had not been known to go to church for years went to the car to

attend the first men's meeting and in three days he was confessing his sins and told me that he had come back home. He meant to God's home. He was a gambler, but is now a happy Christian and a member of the church.

Thus, my reader, you can easily see what the power of the chapel car is to help weak churches in these five Western States, and the work on the other five cars is abundantly blessed along the same line.

X

RURAL DEPARTMENT

WE come now to what I believe to be the most important phase of our work. It is very true that all of the work on the chapel car except that at large railroad centers could be styled somewhat "rural," but in this chapter it is my purpose to consider the service rendered to the very small, destitute towns, where there are no churches of any denomination. If one has traveled much through our Western country he must have noted the large number of little settlements near the railroad stations. As you look from the car window you see a few stores and houses clustered near the railway. There will usually be a general store, a blacksmith shop, a "hotel," post office, grain elevator, one or two saloons, and from two to a dozen houses. Perhaps there are not more than fifty people in town. The country for miles around would have a settler on almost every half section of land, however. Sometimes these towns have been for years about as they are, while others are only a few months old. At one time we counted seventy-five of these churchless communities on railway lines which were new towns, and they were in one corner of northwestern Iowa.

The population varies. Sometimes all of the people are foreigners, at other times thoroughly mixed with Americans, and at other times we find that nearly all are Americans. Some of these towns are not morally bad, while others are nests of wickedness. Some of the people in these towns have been away from church so long that they are totally indifferent to the gospel, while others are simply hungering for spiritual food.

These were the towns that Dr. Wayland Hoyt had in mind to reach and help when he suggested the chapel-car idea to his brother fifteen years ago. The cars were purposely constructed to give these churchless towns a church. This was the specific work of the car. At the time the first car was built no other field of labor was before us, and to this day there is no place where the car so perfectly fits as it does in a destitute, churchless town. The greatest need for the car is here and the largest work done by the car is here. Oftentimes there is not a hall of any description in the place in which to hold a meeting and they certainly need a church building and preacher, therefore the chapel car was built and manned. If these towns had not been in existence the cars would never have been put on the rails in all probability, and if no towns like these existed to-day our principal work would be cut out.

UTILITY OF THE CAR

With a picture of the community and its need before us, we can easily see that the car itself has

a service to render. People have not given seven thousand five hundred dollars to pay for each of our chapel cars simply to support a fancy or a fad. In scores of these little towns it would be impossible to do the work without the car. The railway officials build their cars for "business," so the chapel cars were constructed for "business." We are not traveling in a separate car because some wealthy people wanted to waste some money on us. We are not side-tracked in summer resorts and winter retreats for pleasure. We are on the line for business—God's business too. While the first car was evidently given with an idea that the scheme was somewhat visionary, yet time has proven the fallacy of the "fad" idea, and since then practical and thoughtful men and women have sacrificed to build the remaining cars, because they could see the real need for them and their value in supplying this need.

These years of experience have proven without any doubt the great power of the car itself. Some missionaries have been obliged to hold meetings in little rooms of private homes, in small schoolhouses with uncomfortable seats, in parts of store buildings with the people seated on planks, in box cars and saloons, and almost every conceivable place. How much better to have an attractive audience room, capable of seating more than one hundred people in comfortable pews, well lighted, and nicely heated in winter, cool and clean in summer, plenty of song books, an excellent organ, blackboard, etc.,

in fact a church with a city equipment, including choir and organist and, sometimes best of all, a "hotel." I have been in pioneer towns where I could not find a clean room to sleep in nor a hotel table fit to eat from.

The chapel-car missionaries can have what they need and not demand entertainment from the people. Oftentimes, however, we have difficulty in procuring bread (for we could not bake on the car), and in summer we could keep nothing without ice. The express companies hauled the ice in for us sometimes. Because of the evident utility of the car itself, and the consciousness that the towns needed it, the railway companies have hauled it free. They can also see that it is reasonable to haul a church building to a town where the people have none, therefore the legitimate use of the chapel car in the churchless communities greatly appeals to the officials of the railroads.

FIRST EFFECTS

Words cannot describe what the advent of the car means to destitute towns like these just referred to. I wish that all my readers could be with us for the first few days of our stay in some of these towns. I wish you could see the mingled expressions of wonder, consternation, curiosity, and interest which are portrayed upon the faces of the people, both young and old. You may be sure that we hardly need any advertising. Boys and girls and adults are there to meet the train. The

children are asking, "What is it? A show car?" The adults are exclaiming, "Fine car." "Never saw one like it." The chapel car is "it."

Rev. S. G. Neil, who with his wife had such marvelous success in the chapel car for years, told us of an experience of theirs.

They were away out in a little place in Kansas. A number of men and boys had gathered about the outside of the car, and were gazing in wonder at its beauty and size. One old man who wore a long beard, an old hat, and trousers high about his boot tops, could not but express his amazement. He was heard to say, "Gee, that's a long car! I have seen cattle cars and show cars, and every other kind of a car, but that beats me. I wonder what it is." Then he read, "Chapel Car," and the verse, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and the name, "Messenger of Peace," and finally to give a fitting climax to his consternation he exclaimed, "Well, if that don't beat the devil." Just then the missionary popped his head out of the window and said, "That is it, that is just what we are on the line for, to beat the devil."

Sometimes I have thought that the arrival of the chapel car in one of these communities produced an effect similar to that observed when you throw a large stone into a quiet pond. There is a distinct splash, then the ripples on the water widen until they touch the farther shore. So with the car. There is a great commotion at first, and the influ-

ence of the meetings widens until it often touches the country for ten to twenty miles around. People walk in night after night from homes which are from one to ten miles away. I have known young people to walk in four miles when the thermometer registered thirty below zero.

Once we were dropped by the passenger train in a little place in the woods of Minnesota. The conductor remarked as he cut the car off, "This is the city." We looked about us, and there were just two buildings in sight. In that place I preached to one hundred and twenty-five people. The woods were full of them.

One Sunday morning in the fall we were at a town on the North Dakota prairies. There was no church for miles. We stood at the door of the car and could see teams and wagon loads of people coming from all directions. It was a beautiful sight. The people filled the chapel car and seemed to drink in every word. We were glad that we could give them the privilege of the church on wheels.

MEETINGS

I think that it may be well for me to write just a few words about how we conduct our meetings. Let us state at the outset that we go into the towns expecting to find some of the people anxious for the gospel, and we always find them. We are sure to find a few ready to be Christians at once. You can see responsiveness stamped on their faces. We work to win these to Christ, and their confessions

affect the indifferent ones so that conviction deepens, and we are in the midst of a good series of meetings almost before we can believe it.

As to the meeting itself. The missionary stands at the door to welcome each one as he or she comes in. They are then asked to unite in the singing. The missionary announces at the first meeting, and continues to remind the people, that these are not to be called "revival meetings," but rather "meetings to help people," and he also states why the car workers are there, namely, to honestly and kindly seek to win them from sin to Christ. No scheming, but a frank understanding between preacher and people. They know we are there to try and help them. There must be no chasm between us. The messenger must be close to the hearts of his hearers. After the sermon and special songs, we work for definite yielding to God and confession then and there. We use many methods to accomplish this, but never ask all the Christians to stand, thus dividing the congregation. We use our parsonage for an inquiry room.

RESULTS IN THESE CHURCHLESS TOWNS

1. After consulting with the superintendent of missions we arrived at a station in northern Iowa one warm day in June. We were side-tracked on the prairie and, although a new town site had been platted, all that we could find that looked like a town was two elevators, a general store and a hardware store and a lumber yard and office. There

was not one dwelling house in the town. The storekeepers were young men, and were living at the rear of or over their stores. The station agent lived a mile away. We found an excellent class of people living in the surrounding country when we met them, but the first day we did not know that anything could be done. Our first meeting was advertised to begin at 8 P. M., but at that time only one man was in the car. However, by 8.45 P. M. about sixty people had gathered, and we had an excellent meeting. Every night we could see the teams and wagons coming in about 8.30 o'clock. Those people would work on their farms from 4 and 5 A. M. to nearly 7 P. M., have supper, do the "chores," and get to the chapel car about 8.45 or 9 P. M., and then return to their homes about 10.30 or 11 each night. I said to Mrs. Rust, "They are certainly interested, and I believe we will have some good meetings." Conviction soon settled on them, and in a few days many were anxious to be Christians. We worked hard there, and suffered much during the terrific heat of the day, as the thermometer registered over one hundred degrees at noon for almost ten days. There was not one tree in the town, and the car stood in the blazing sun all day. But it paid well. God blessed the meetings more and more and we had about ten to baptize and others to receive on experience. It was not thought best to organize a new church here, but receive these into the membership of a church nine miles away. This church and pastor

would care for this new field as an outstation, and by giving them preaching every week or two he would have his salary increased a hundred dollars a year.

But our work was not done yet. This little town was to grow surely. These people ought to have a church building. The matter was brought before them publicly, and the missionary scoured the country on wheel, horseback, foot, and carriage, to see the people, with the result that in ten days we had enough pledged to warrant starting the building. Committees were appointed, lots donated, lumber ordered, and plans and specifications drawn up by the missionary. The heat continued to be almost unbearable, but we stayed and helped to unload the lumber, to build the foundation, and to give directions to the carpenters. My heart has been deeply touched, as I have seen some of these faithful people work and sacrifice to get a church building erected. Oftentimes they were too poor to have carpets on the floors of their houses, and they had heavy mortgages on their farms, but they could not think of living like heathen, therefore they would give to the very utmost. To make a long story short, let me say that the building was completed and dedicated in the fall. The pastor who was to take charge, came up and helped raise the money needed to pay the debt. It was all paid and no money came from any religious organization. Trustees had been elected, deed turned over to them, and this work established as a branch of the

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church in the large town near by before we left. This opens up a new field, and at the same time strengthens an old one. The town has a number of dwellings now, and our little church building, which was then all alone on the prairie, is in the midst of them. The Baptists can get in first sometimes.

2. We were led to go to another little Iowa settlement where there was no American church. The people had been blessed with some preaching but very few people ever attended. At the first meeting in the car we had about one hundred present, and we could not care for the crowds on Sunday. At the end of ten days one prominent man and some women and many young people had confessed Christ.

In this town there was a well-known merchant and politician who was exceedingly skeptical concerning religious matters. He was a man who endeavored to live a clean, honest life. His wife was a Baptist, and she longed and prayed for his conversion. He attended nearly every meeting the first week. One Sunday afternoon he called at the car and said that he had a question to ask me. He had been having an argument and he wanted to know "If a man could not be a Christian without uniting with any church?" I smiled and kindly answered that "I would rather not answer that question until you have decided to be a Christian. Decide to be a Christian anyway; and then, when you have, come and talk with me about the church matter, for that comes second, not first."

That evening he arose in meeting as one who wanted to be a Christian, and the next night he arose and publicly said as his voice choked, "I now unconditionally surrender to the God whom I have rebelled against all my life."

He never came to me with the question about the church; but I went to him in about two weeks and said, "My brother, how about baptism and church-membership?" He answered, "I am ready," and the next Sunday he and his little daughter were baptized in the river. Now his whole heart is in the work of the church. God is using him and honoring him, and his home is one of the happiest of earth. I have just received a letter from this man (more than four years after his conversion), and he is still lifting up the banner of the cross in that town, and is cashier of the bank.

I must record one other special incident. The wife of the hardware merchant was converted and was thinking of baptism and church-membership; but the husband rebelled and fought the truth, and finally became angry with the missionary, and at one time used some abusive language to the missionary's face. In return I endeavored to be unusually kind to him. The poor man was under such deep conviction that he could hardly eat. He stayed from meetings for a few days. The next Sunday afternoon he asked his wife to pray for him, and they both knelt and poured out their hearts to God. That evening he came to the meeting with his wife and while preaching I noticed the

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Rev. D. W. Hurlburt Holding Corner Post of New Church

tears trickling down his cheek. Mrs. Rust sang a tender song, and then I requested those who wanted to be Christians to arise and he jumped to his feet. At the close of the service I walked down the aisle to grasp his hand, and he threw his arms around me and sobbingly begged me to forgive him. God bless him, how I loved him ! Soon he was happy in the Lord and the very next Sunday he and his wife went to the river and were baptized.

The people were anxious to have a meeting-house, and soon a lot was given, and enough money was pledged to make us sanguine of success. The missionary was privileged to test his muscle in loading and unloading stone, in mixing mortar to keep two masons busy, and in shingling the roof. In three months the building was dedicated free from debt, and no money came from outside the community.

The district missionary came and organized the church. The field was attached to a much larger one near by, where they generally have a pastor. By doing this no demand was made on State convention funds, a new field was opened, and about one hundred and fifty dollars a year would be paid to the pastor in neighboring field.

3. Rev. D. W. Hulbert, State superintendent of missions for Wisconsin, approached me at the May meetings in 1902, and asked if we could get our car to a small churchless town in Wisconsin. At that time we were busy in another State, but during the summer I visited that little town, ascertained conditions, and promised the people that the car would

be there in the fall. Rev. N. F. Clark, then pastor in a neighboring city, went to this town occasionally during the summer and held the field by preaching in the rear part of a store building.

My assistant, Mr. E. A. Spear, and I arrived in this destitute field with the chapel car, November 1, 1902, and began a regular campaign. Although there had been some preaching in a schoolhouse which was one and one-half miles from the track, yet most of the people knew nothing of enjoying anything like gospel services. At our first meeting we asked all the Christian people to stay to a second meeting for conference and prayer, and only one person, a man sixty-five years of age, remained with us. He said he knew of no others who were willing to confess themselves to be disciples of Christ.

Brother Spear and I decided to call at every home within two or three miles of the car. With a prayer that God would use us to help the people in these homes, we started out. We were cordially received, but to our amazement we found that there were no people in the neighborhood who were willing to acknowledge that they had ever been Christians or church-members. We could not understand it, but the fact was that the field was virgin soil. Soon this personal work in the homes, and the preaching and singing in the car began to bear fruit. In less than two weeks some forty gave evidence that they had really yielded their hearts to Christ.

There were many interesting conversions. Perhaps I had better write of a few. One morning during the first week of our stay, I went over to a house near the car to get some milk. I saw tears in the eyes of three people whom I met there, and I was confident that God's Spirit was quietly working. As I was leaving the house, a noble young man came to me, and spoke kindly of the sermon he had heard the night before. I answered him thus: "Thank you, but Ben what are going to do about the matter yourself?" He said, "Mr. Rust, please let me work it out in my own way." I said, "Yes, my brother, I will, but remember, you will not have the feeling you want before you say yes to God." He said, "I will remember that," and then went direct to the cornfield. Before noontime he had kneeled by his wagon and in the open field had cried to God for mercy and had yielded his heart to Christ. That evening he came to the car after the meeting, as he was detained, and grasping my hand tightly, he said, "Mr. Rust, I have settled it, and to-morrow night I will go forward." He was true to his word and the next night walked down the aisle, and into the back room and on his knees cried because of his sins. He was the one who faithfully helped in all the work of the church, when others grew careless.

Let me tell of two of the young people, one a girl of thirteen years, bright, responsive, and determined. She was in a home where the parents were not Christians. Her experience was real

indeed. Her face revealed a new light after receiving Christ into her heart. One day she came to me and asked if she might become a member of the church. She was told to talk with her parents and get their consent. They granted her request, but manifested very little interest in it. She was received for baptism along with ten others, and was told when to meet us so that she could ride to the church (seven miles away) where the baptism was to be. How we admired this noble girl, and yet we could hardly keep the tears back as we saw her coming down the roadway the next day, with her bundle of clothing under her arm, all alone, with no father and mother to go with her. She is rapidly developing into Christian womanhood, and is destined to fill a large place in the world for Christ.

The other was a boy of fifteen who was converted. His father bitterly opposed his being baptized, but finally after listening to the pleadings of his boy, consented. The mercury was about zero on the day of the baptism and we had seven miles to go. The section foreman was to be baptized also, so he procured a railroad velocipede, and all three of us started on it. At some places the track was partially covered with snow, and we were ditched several times before reaching the church. I found that this boy was thinly clad and was suffering from the cold, but no murmur escaped his lips. He seemed glad to be able to obey the command of his Lord and follow him in baptism.

The church of seventeen members which was soon organized was born in real hardship and sacrifice. It cost them much to come out and witness together for Christ, but it made them worth something to their Lord. We had been in town but a short time when we learned that a devout old man, who was grandfather to Ben, had many times gone to a spot on a corner lot and prayed that some day there might be a meeting-house erected there. His prayers, uttered so many years ago, were now being answered through the chapel car and its workers.

After having been in the town two weeks, we brought the matter of a church building before the people and secured enough money in pledges to warrant proceeding with the plans. We were greatly helped by one family, which was composed of relatives of the old gentleman who had prayed for the meeting-house. One morning a young man from this family, with whom I had talked about the church building, came into the car study and handed to me a slip of paper, which was a promise to give two lots of land to the church that they might build a meeting-house on them. I thanked him heartily. He then put his hand down deep into his pocket and drew out one hundred dollars in gold, saying, "Mr. Rust, this is what we will give toward the new meeting-house, and we wanted you to have the cash so that you would be sure that you are going to get it."

Enough money was pledged on one Sunday to

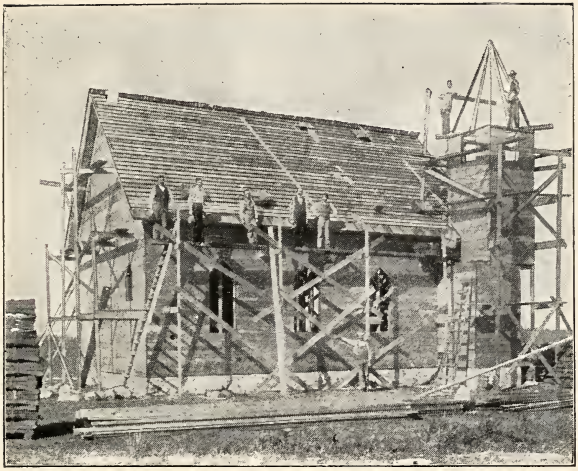
make the people confident that they would have a church home, and they were very happy. This was November 16 and cold weather would soon be here, therefore we must try to get the building started at once. The following is the record for the next week:

Monday. Owner of a stone ledge interviewed and stone donated. Tuesday. Stone hauled to the lots. Wednesday. Mason and his helpers on hand. Thursday and Friday. Foundation wall being laid and finished. Saturday. Sills and floor laid.

Those of my readers who have ever erected chapels know how much detail work the missionary had to attend to. He was architect and hod carrier, and was also treasurer of the building fund. Lumber had been ordered, and the railroad company hauled it free from the mill.

The contractor was engaged to take charge of building the meeting-house, many men donated their labor, and by February 1 the house was ready for dedication. The State superintendent of missions came, preached the dedication sermon, and led in raising the money so that no debt should be on the building.

Thus as a result of the visit of the chapel car to this destitute field, we have: (1) A thousand-dollar chapel built and paid for. (2) A whole community aroused to religious thought. (3) A church organized and incorporated. (4) A Sunday-school of sixty members organized. (5) A woman's aid society organized. (6) A young people's society



SHINGLING A CHURCH Page 150

A CHURCHLESS TOWN Page 135

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organized. (7) Lives changed for eternity. (8) A regular preaching point established.

Let me state that no call has been made on the State Convention to care for this field. The pastor in a neighboring town preaches here every Sunday. Of course this is not possible in some instances, but this is ideal. Words can never express what the visit of the chapel car meant to that little town.

I cannot bring this chapter and story of chapel car work to an end without referring to the service rendered by the five other cars. I want my readers to know that what they have read in the preceding pages, can be more than duplicated by each of our other cars. I honestly believe that the other missionaries can tell more thrilling incidents than I can.

For more than ten years Rev. J. S. Thomas has been wonderfully blessed on "Evangel." I think he has built more meeting-houses than any other missionary.

Rev. B. B. Jacques and wife, who were on "Emmanuel," and Rev. E. R. Hermiston and wife, who are now on that car, could give us many startling facts of the power of the chapel-car work.

Rev. G. B. Roger, who has had charge of "Good Will" for so many years, could repeat the story of salvation for hours. He has been greatly blessed.

Rev. S. G. Neil and wife who were on "Messenger of Peace," did have, and Rev. J. P. Jacobs and wife who are now on that car, are having a continuation of remarkable experiences, and the chapel car has been a power in their territory.

And Rev. A. P. MacDonald, of "Herald of Hope," could tell you of town after town that he tried to do work in as a district missionary and failed, and how he went in with the chapel car and a church was organized and building erected.

God has certainly blessed all the chapel cars as the following results show: Number of churches organized, 135; meeting-houses built, 112; value of these meeting-houses, $138,000; pastors settled, 134; Bible-schools organized, 243; baptisms as result of chapel-car work, 4,578; scores of weak churches strengthened. More than twelve thousand professed conversions.

XI

CO-OPERATION DEPARTMENT

I THINK it is generally known that the chapel cars are under the control of the Baptist denomination and that that denomination believes in organization of Christian effort. Our world-wide activities are well organized and we are on this planet to do God's work in a business-like and sensible way.

In some of the Western States where we have labored the Baptists have three organizations at work. Each one has its field and purpose clearly outlined, but all are working harmoniously together.

At this point in my narrative I want to take time to express my faith in and appreciation of the great work of our *Home Mission Society*. During these years of service I have been in close touch with its district and State representatives and many of its missionaries, and I can gladly testify to the efficiency of its laborers and to the marked influence for righteousness which it has exerted upon the throbbing life and rapid growth of the great West. The people in the West certainly owe a great deal to the Home Mission Society.

No one can read the history of the First Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn.; of their early struggles

and how the Society carried them for years by paying five hundred dollars of the six hundred dollars of the pastor's salary, and of the Baptist work in the State which developed from this beginning, and of the thrilling story of those two young men who went from this First Church to the Territory of North Dakota and established the Baptist cause in that region, without recognizing the power of the Society in the development of the West.

And then when you add to this the story of Baptist missions in South Dakota one cannot help but feel truly grateful to God for the grand work of the noble men in this time-honored Society. This Society is one of the three organizations at work in the Western States.

The second organization is the *State Convention.* The very name implies an organized State service. This is an incorporated body. On its Board are representatives from the whole State, and a more consecrated or godly set of men I have never met. This organization has come into existence as the pioneer work demanded it. I have been in personal touch with the general missionaries and corresponding secretaries of five State Conventions in the Northwest and we have enjoyed delightful fellowship together. I meet with them in their Board meetings and pray with them for the work. This organized effort has marvelously developed Baptist work in the West as it has all over the country. The yearly reports of the general missionary of these Conventions are full of facts of progress.

The third organization is the *American Baptist Publication Society*. This Society is older than either of the two just mentioned, and is known as the Society that does Sunday-school, colportage, chapel-car, and Bible and tract work. We have a distinctive field, yet we are constantly endeavoring to make our service fit into and help the work of the other two organizations. We do not believe that it is at all wise to assert the right of the individual and teach that each one should do as his inclination inspires him and then run everywhere and nowhere doing everything and nothing. To have the best work done we need to get together and work in one triple team, not one ahead of the other, but all side by side pulling harmoniously together. We are glad that during all of these years we have been in harmony and now we are closer than ever. We shall remember with a great deal of pleasure these years of labor with Rev. E. R. Pope, of Minnesota; Rev. D. W. Hulbert, of Wisconsin; Rev. S. E. Wilcox, of Iowa; Rev. T. M. Shanafelt, of South Dakota; and Rev. C. W. Brinstad, of Nebraska. I think I may add that as a result of the visit of our honored missionary and Bible secretary, Dr. R. G. Seymour, to the Western Conventions the whole work of our Society is in closer harmony with the State work than ever before.

SOMETHING OF AN INNOVATION

Our Society had carried on its regular service in these Western States for years, but in 1891 a

new and novel kind of a work was put into its hands, namely, the chapel car. This was so new and visionary that some of the most conservative people considered it worthless and, at best, thought it was an innovation. It created quite a stir, and questions concerning the nature of its work and the possibility of adjustment began to arise. This was very natural, for one could never tell where such an unheard-of form of Christian service might lead. Little did our Society know of its power at that time. It was an experiment, but our secretaries and workers were from the beginning only desirous of using this chapel car for what God intended it to be and adjusting it to all other Christian work. We had no conception how it would develop. We have been in school all these years and are just now learning its power. We have made some mistakes, but not intentionally. God has enabled us to profit by these errors. We have tried and are trying to have the car work a "helper" to all organized work as well as to individuals. As the great possibilities of the chapel-car movement have developed during these fifteen years we have ever sought to wisely adjust them into the line of helping the large work of the State conventions rather than indifferently allowing them to hinder. In the providence of God the chapel car was given to our Society and we received it as a sacred trust, not to belittle but to enlarge, and while at first it was almost an innovation in our work and we sent it forth on its mission with fear and trembling, it was

with an earnest prayer that God might give us wisdom to use it just as he would have us. As its possibilities increased the secretaries recognized that certain difficulties would increase and they must be obviated if possible.

I have before me some letters that I received from Dr. C. C. Bitting and Colonel Banes in November 1894, more than ten years ago. They both wrote me about the distinctive work of our Society and told me to adhere strictly to it. I must be content to leave only a Sunday-school organization in a town and must not attempt to organize churches. That work belonged to the State Convention and Home Mission Society, and there must be no friction. They very kindly explained it all to me, and surely manifested a right spirit toward the other societies, as they thus planned to have their workers do exactly what they were sent out to do. They did not realize what God could do with the car in bringing to pass something more than simply Sunday-school organizations. At that time it was dawning on me, but for years I carefully planned to do nothing more than they outlined for me, and in all these years of service not one church has been organized in our car ("Glad Tidings") or through our efforts, without careful consultation with the State superintendent of missions. For nearly two years I tried to satisfy myself with rather a flitting, superficial sort of a routine. Only a few days in a place and then organize a Sunday-school. We hardly dared to stay very long

for fear we might have enough conversions for a church, and thereby open up the possibility of criticism as a demand for a church organization came to the front. We were before two difficulties. If we let the car-work loose, and stayed a few weeks and had many conversions and material for a church organization, then we had gone outside of our legitimate work. On the other hand, if we stayed but a few days and organized simply a Sunday-school and there was no permanent church organization and building to show for the money expended, then our critics relegated chapel-car service to the place of something which was visionary and superficial and declared that it lacked real power to do anything which would last. This was very hard on me, especially when I was becoming conscious of what could be done in what we term "permanent work."

Might I state right here that I sometimes think, however, that we measure our religious work a little too much by statistics of buildings, and societies organized? I know of something that is far more permanent than any building of earth, and that is a saved life in Jesus Christ. That will outlast all the storms of earth, and will shine in God's kingdom forever. That is certainly permanent. If God is really using any worker of his to save lives, and those lives are regenerated in the power of the Holy Spirit, then that worker is doing something permanent. I could tell you of many such lives being saved and inspired during these years, in

towns where no organization was effected and no building erected, and they are still proving by their fruits that the roots are permanently settled in the great life of God. This thought has greatly encouraged me, but nevertheless it is true that we need organizations and buildings, for they help to keep these lives saved, and are centers from which influences are to radiate toward many who have not been touched. We as Baptists have been too slow to see the power emanating from a church building, and particularly the first one in town. There was a time when we could get a missionary into a town on the first train and we were forced to believe that this was the best we could do, but now we can run a nice church building in and side-track it there until the first meeting-house can be erected in the town. There is power in this. Workers of the State Convention can easily see it.

CO-OPERATION DEVELOPMENT

As I look back over this long period of service, I can see three very distinct periods of development toward the happy and perfect co-operation which now exists. We have taken these steps upward very naturally and easily as we have come to them. We did not come together at first with blows and then quiet down to love-pats, nor did we first bring swords in our hands and then change to bouquets. There was no need for such methods. We were brothers in the same work. Therefore we came together in loving and prayerful consultation.

First stage. When we first took the car, our work was understood to be limited and we did not need to consult other organizations much. We thought of church organizations as hardly possible. While I was in touch with the State Convention yet I had my work in the line of Sunday-school endeavor and we did not need to consult often.

Second Stage. Then we began to realize the power of the car work to help raise dying church interests and establish new ones. We were getting closer and closer into affiliation with the State Convention workers, and a mutual understanding existed between us that we would work together more than ever. We had some consultations and generally understood about what we were to do, although definite plans were not laid. I would look up needy fields and go to them as I thought best. Then if I found church organization ought to be effected, I would seek the advice of the superintendent of missions, and seek to impress him with the importance of caring for the work at that point.

Third stage. One can easily perceive that the first is hardly co-operation at all, and that the second was far from perfect. Both might lead to much waste of time and to many mistakes. As the chapel car could be so wonderfully used to further the work of the State Convention, it would certainly be best to have it identified with that body and under its direction. Then we would feel our work was counting for the most, and the State Convention would know just what was being done. So

while the cars remained under the Publication Society as the denomination voted at Buffalo in 1903, yet they were to be considered as being under the direction of the State Convention. Instead of going anywhere and stopping for meetings, and then if the work turned out well and needed help, notify the State Convention, we now go to the Convention first, either to the general missionary or into the meeting of the Board, and a committee is appointed and work at various points is definitely planned, with the expectation that it will be followed up and cared for. We are thus a part of the organized work of the State. During recent years the superintendent of missions has many times gone himself to look over the field and then requested me to go with the car. Sometimes these were new interests, sometimes dying ones. When letters come to me with requests to visit certain fields, I submit these to the superintendent of missions, and in consultation, we decide. I go to the Board meetings, send my reports to the Board, and feel myself a part of its work. We have delightful fellowship together and the work is pleasant. This is co-operation surely. We have had more or less of this all these years, but now it seems to be perfected and we are happy in its possibilities. In these Board meetings I have learned of the many requests that come for the Convention to help. Because of lack of funds, some of these must be answered by "Impossible," and others must have the amount of money cut down. I do sympathize

with the Board in these problems and I would certainly be more than unreasonable to attempt to add any more burdens. Yet they feel that we cannot stop all aggressive and new work, even if many weak interests are calling loudly.

In some States the chapel car has been able to help the State Convention in what I term an ideal way. If you remember in the chapter preceding this, of the results in churchless towns, you will recall how in each of those three fields mentioned (and I could mention more), a new work was opened, buildings erected and paid for and no money asked from building fund, and salary added to that of the pastor of the organized church near by. During these years the Convention has never been called upon to support these interests. This is ideal and can be done often when planned; however, we recognize that at times the Convention wants us to open a new field and it expects to put money into it.

Then in Chapter XI. Brother Francis' story of the work of the car at Bemidji shows what help it was at that critical moment and what can be done with co-operation and good planning. In my judgment many new fields can be opened up by means of the chapel car without adding any burden to the State Convention, by following this plan:

Ascertain where there are churchless towns or small communities which reveal the possibilities of a new Baptist church, near to a Baptist church with a settled pastor. If that pastor would care for the

new interest, then run the chapel car into the little town and have it stay until the new field could be developed. This has been done many times.

The possibilities of the chapel-car work under existing conditions of perfected co-operation are so great that they can hardly be expressed.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

THERE is no doubt but that this question comes to the minds of a great many people. They need no arguments more than the facts to prove that up to this moment the movement has been remarkably successful and productive of really marvelous results. But how long can it continue? is the question. Will we need the cars forever? Will not conditions change, so that by and by they would be useless? These are reasonable questions, and we ought to be able to answer them.

Let me state first, that if all of the cars should go out of commission to-day, and never be used again, no one could justly declare that the work was a failure. The man who gave our car said that "If 'Glad Tidings' were to be demolished in a wreck, and never could be built again, he would always thank God that he had had the privilege of giving it, and these few years of service were worth all it had cost."

If the work should suddenly stop, the cars have served a noble purpose and they could be easily sold for good money, and that money could be used in furthering other work under our Society. However, we have no fear that this will occur very

soon, and when I am asked about the future, and people ask me as to what the prospects are, I invariably answer in the words of another, "Bright as the promises of God." When he wants it to stop, we are willing. When his blessing ceases and his glory departs from us, as he writes "Ichabod" on the side of each car, then we can say truthfully, "It is useless to continue, we have no future prospects," but while such blessing attends every turn of the wheels, we feel that the future is resplendent with glorious possibilities.

Let me answer some questions in order.

1. *What of the Future Concerning the Car Itself?* "Glad Tidings" has been in service about eleven years, and looks almost as good as new to-day. It has been placed in the shops every eighteen months during these years, for varnish and paint, and we have tried to be carful of the interior finish, so that one would hardly believe that some three thousand meetings had been held in it. Then, as the car does not average two thousand miles a year now, the wear on the trucks is reduced to a minimum. I see no reason why our car cannot be used for one hundred years.

2. *What of the Future Concerning Transportation?* As to the future concerning transportation there is no room for anxiety. He who has led, will lead. One enthusiastic general manager who has carefully examined the work of the chapel car, has requested our Society to keep a car on his line all the time, and in consultation with another promi-

nent railroad official, he proposed building a car and keeping it on the line for the good of his own men.

Some one asked the question as to whether the time will come or not, when we will have to pay mileage for our cars. We are conscious that the railroads may feel they have granted free transportation long enough and therefore ask us to pay something for their hauling the cars; but if this does come, and every car is running on a paying mileage basis, it will not stop the chapel-car work. If the work is planned correctly the car does not move many miles in a year. I can see how the mileage of the chapel car could be kept under a thousand miles a year, which would not make it so very expensive while paying for transportation. But we are not worrying. The work is in God's hands. Just now it does not look as if the time would ever come when we would be obliged to pay mileage for all of our cars. One of our car missionaries writes, "My 'annual' for 1905 is at hand. It reads, 'Pass the car and missionary and three assistants.'" Another missionary writes, "I have seven annual passes for 1905 for car and party," and the author has three in his pocket at this writing. Judging from this, we are believing that most of the railroad companies believe that the work is worth the cost of hauling the cars. If anything occurs which will put all of the cars on the mileage basis, then the railroads will no doubt allow us to sell religious books and we can cover

expenses with the profits accruing from the sales; therefore we have nothing to fear here.

3. *What of the Future Concerning Co-operation?* The denomination has decided that the chapel cars are to remain with the American Baptist Publication Society. Co-operation in all States where the cars are working is perfect. They are considered to be a part of the work of each State and the sweetest fellowship exists between State and car missionaries. The workers are hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder in the service of the Master. We do not know how it could be any better. You would never know that they are under separate societies. Their work blends in perfect harmony. I have just received a letter from the president of the State Convention Board of Nebraska, and another from the State superintendent of missions for that State, asking me to be present at the next Board meeting, that we together may plan for future work in Nebraska. Such co-operation is simply delightful. Since writing this, we have begun work in Nebraska.

4. *What of the Future Concerning Fields?* The question as to how many years the country will furnish pioneer work in new and small churchless towns for the chapel car, arises quite often. While the time may come sometime, when our Western country may be so settled that new towns are unheard of, yet that is so far in the dim future, that it has little effect on us at the present. Judging from what we can see now, a conservative

estimate would give us at least fifty years more of genuine pioneer work. We could use a car in each of the States west of the Mississippi for many decades of years. The possibilities are simply unlimited. In northern Minnesota hundreds of miles of new track are to be laid. The other States are putting in much new track, and opening up rich country. In the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, two railroads are building and new towns by the scores are springing up. In one corner of Iowa we knew of seventy-five new towns in a single year. I have a scheme in my mind concerning the best way to do efficient work on a new line of railway, in co-operation with the State Convention. After much prayer and planning in the Board meeting, select a new line of railway, say one hundred and fifty miles in length, where from ten to twenty new towns have been platted. Have the Board appoint a district missionary and the chapel-car missionary to put a full year in on that line. Let the district missionary go over the line carefully, stop at the towns, select ten or a dozen to work in. Hold a meeting in a station or home or anywhere to hold the field, and make a regular appointment. Then run the chapel car in for a series of meetings in some town. Let it put in a full month, endeavor to get souls saved, church organized, and building started. Then go to another field and at the same time watch and care for the work just started. Do the same if possible in each town. Combine the fields, put

pastors on them, etc. I firmly believe it would pay to put in a whole year on this one short line. At the end of that time, under the blessing of God, they ought to report something like this: Three hundred conversions, two hundred baptisms, ten churches and Sunday-schools organized, ten meeting-houses erected, four pastors settled, a whole railway line in touch with God. Why not concentrate like this? I confidently affirm that these results could be achieved in one year if we put our life into such a movement.

5. *What of the Future Concerning Money for Its Support?* A very pertinent question as we consider the support of the cars is, "Where does the money come from?" and another question that naturally arises is, "Do you not take collections in the towns that you visit?" In answering the first, let me state that the chapel-car work is not endowed (although we wish it could be), and we depend upon the freewill offerings of the people.

In answering the second question, I would state that we do take collections in all the towns we visit, and the people are glad to give what they can. But as the work is mostly pioneer in its nature, the collections must necessarily be small. In fact the idea of sending this equipped church on wheels into these little towns, was to give them the privileges of religious worship that large towns and cities enjoy, and not demand that they should pay for the entire cost of it.

In the small towns we have at times found the

people very appreciative, and when they could afford it, they would give liberally. I remember visiting a churchless town in Wisconsin. There were some responsive Swedish people there. Some of them worked for the ice companies. One day a man who had received a great blessing in the meetings, came to the car and handed a ten-dollar bill to me, saying, "Mr. Rust, I want to do something for Jesus." A few days after this I met his brother who had been converted, and he said, "Mr. Rust, I too want to do something for Jesus," as he handed ten dollars to me. These men were getting but forty-five dollars a month and had families to care for. However, I have never had the people give so largely since.

I remember we had about a hundred in the car one night in a pioneer town, and the basket was passed, but there was but eight cents in it when I received it. Those people had plenty of cabbages and potatoes, but little cash. The offerings in the small towns do not amount to enough to pay for the repairs on the car.

Then again, when we erect a meeting-house, these people truly sacrifice to pay for it, and therefore have little money to give for the chapel car. If we were to stay in the small churchless towns all the time one can easily see that the collections would not enable us to pay many bills. It is certainly a blessed ministry to be able to give the people in these destitute places this kind of Christian service, for they would never have it if others did not send it to them.

It costs about two thousand dollars to pay for two missionaries, and the repairs, etc., on each car each year. This is far from being expensive when you consider the work done. We need money to keep up the work of these cars, and I see no reason why I may not state right here, that if any of my readers feel as if they would like to contribute a special offering to this work it would reach me if mailed to No. 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

6. *What of the Future Concerning the Prosecution of the Work?* The Publication Society has revealed its ability to care for the chapel-car service of the denomination in a commendable way, and because of its experience and a firm faith in the power of this service, we believe no other organization could do the work with better success.

With a sincerity that has always characterized its activities the Publication Society stands ready to do three things regarding the chapel cars:

1. As one of my teachers once told me when leaving school, "Rust, you stick." I have been endeavoring to "stick" to this work and the Society is determined to "stick" to it also, and because it believes in it.

2. The Society is endeavoring to put the best effort into it. To constantly aim to make it the best it can be is its purpose.

3. The Society is ready to increase it if continued and enlarged support can be guaranteed. It certainly seems as if millions of people would be glad to help in supporting it.

The Society's officers and management and all of the chapel-car missionaries are agreed that it is one of the most powerful evangelistic agencies of the twentieth century. They ought to know something about it. Surely there is no reason why this service should not be continued with increased efficiency if money is given to support it.

I wonder if you remember the story of the old man who had heard of the locomotive and went to see it for the first time. He expressed his lack of faith in the thing, and declared that it would never go. He admired its wonderful parts, but kept repeating "It will never go." By and by it started, and moved, slowly, then faster, and soon was away off in the distance. He stood gazing at it, and then declared "It will never stop." The chapel-car movement has had about the same experience as this locomotive. At first many declared "It will never go," and when it did go at such a rapid rate they gazed at it and exclaimed, "It will never stop." We are sure that it is going. There is no doubt about that. We are not worrying about its stopping. It will stop when God wants it to, and not till then. We are not throwing any sand under the wheels, though, nor are we putting the brakes on. It could go much faster, however, if we only had more money to generate steam with.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A CHILD

About fifteen years ago a baby was born in the Baptist family. That baby was the Chapel-car

Movement. He was born in the minds of noble Christian men, but no child of earth ever came from heaven more directly than he did. He was born at a time of special need and was destined to fill that need. The progress of the nineteenth century demanded him and the world cried for him.

However, his coming into the Christian and Baptist home life was a genuine surprise. No preparation had ever been made for his birth. In fact, very few in the family welcomed him. Brothers and sisters gathered about him in wonder. They had never seen a child like him before. It was true that all members of the Baptist family did not look nor act alike, but this one did not resemble any one in the home. He was not like any of the others in form or features. In fact no child of any family of Christian work was ever shaped as he was. He was so entirely different that we called him a decided innovation. Where to put him and what to do with him we did not know. We considered him a tiny weakling, and yet we were afraid of him. The question before us was, Who is going to nurse and train him ? No one desired the task. Very few in the family had much if any faith in him, and the poor child was tossed from one to the other, and finally landed in the lap of the American Baptist Publication Society.

While some opened the doors of criticism and allowed the cold air of unbelief to rush in on him (chilling him to the bone and almost bringing on pneumonia and death), and others declared that he

was only a toy baby and was not real, and others were sure that he would never live, and it would have been much better for "the poor thing," and for the world, if he had not been born, and still others dismissed him from their thought with the statement that he had no mission in the world and that he was not wanted in the family,— the Publication Society, with trembling and fear, opened her arms and took him in as he was presented to her. She was determined that she would accept him from the Lord as a legitimate child born of the Holy Spirit, and that she would feed him, train him, and send him out into the world to be useful in extending the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

As we look back over those early days we can blame no one for criticizing him, for we certainly did misunderstand him, and some of the most sanguine had some doubt about his ancestry, and also concerning his power to maintain any rightful place in the great Baptist family. But this did not prove that he was worthless, for hundreds of children have been born into the human family without any cordial reception, yet in after years they have demonstrated to the most skeptical that they deserved a large place in the hearts of men.

The secretaries of the Society into whose lap he had fallen, gazed at him dubiously during those early days of infancy. They would look at him in his cradle and discuss his origin and possibilities, and when the time came to send him forth into the world to see what he could do, they confessed that

they were obliged to put many question marks after his name. They worried quite a little about their boy, because he was so strange and so many derogatory remarks had been made about him. They wondered how the world would receive him. Then they were specially sympathetic with him, for he was so peculiarly constructed that he could not make his way through the world as the other members of the family did. He was made to go on steel highways only, and these highways were not public thoroughfares, and were controlled by people who were liable not to take very kindly to him. If these people refused to allow him on their steel rails, then the Society would be obliged to build a special house for him, and this they could ill afford to do.

However, if he had been allowed to speak for himself I think he would have said: "I have no fear, just give me a fair chance and I will show to the world and to the Baptist family that they do not need to be ashamed of me."

His foster-mother, the American Baptist Publication Society has, with the other members of the family, revealed great patience with him. He was young and full of life and, as most boys are, was liable to overstep the mark of propriety at times, and thus cause his mother some trouble. He would cut up a few pranks and be a little too forward at times, and rather hurt the feelings of his brothers and sisters, but his mother rebuked him kindly and tried to hold him in his rightful place. She ascertained nevertheless that his heart was all right.

These pranks and mistakes were simply because he had too much life and "go" in him. He knew that intense activity was to characterize his career on earth, and that he was made to go, therefore one can easily see that he might get to going too fast at times. He never really intended to do wrong, but was always anxious to do exactly what the family wanted him to do. We are glad to state that he profited by his mistakes and quickly revealed his true worth.

His development was rapid. Actually marvelous. He began to show signs of great strength at once, and made rapid strides toward manhood. He soon left his baby clothes behind him. Before the other members of the family hardly knew it, he was a great, stout boy, and now at fifteen years of age he has matured, and is taking the place of a strong man in the world. He has certainly won his way. The transportation companies have given him the use of their highways. He is welcomed into the best of society. The rich and poor, the high and low, all love him. He stands so erect and reveals such strength that his brothers and sisters have given him an exalted place in the family.

He has asked for no sentimental tolerance or pity, but by hard work and real service to the denomination and the kingdom of God, has proven his sterling worth. In all humility he stands before the other members of the Baptist household and says: "I take no glory to myself. My inspiration has come from the great need about me, from those

who have believed in me, and from my heavenly Father. He has constantly told me that he had confidence in me, and that he could use me in this sinful world. While I am conscious that I have not reached my full growth yet, I am pressing toward that mark." He bows his head to all in the Baptist home, and thanks each one for his consideration and patience with him, and asks that all pray that God might make him more useful than ever.

THE VISION OF THE FUTURE IS INSPIRING AND HOPEFUL

The future has much in store for us. The field is white to the harvest. Jewels and gems are lying just beneath the surface in hundreds of towns in the West. Individual buds of promise are all ready to blossom into beautiful flowers of manhood and womanhood all around us. Opportunities for rescue work abound. Everywhere there are marvelous possibilities to lay solid religious foundations for the coming generations. The command from our Captain reads, "Go ye," and in answer to this the wheels must continue to turn. The Spirit of God is with us. We are trusting him. On speed these chariots of salvation until "the ransomed church of God is saved to sin no more."

CHAPEL CAR HYMN

Tune—"AMERICA."

Sweep on, O car of light,
God bless thy holy flight.

On thy wheels bring
Peace to the troubled breast,
And to the weary rest;
Glad for thy mission blest,
The angels sing.

Roll o'er the mountain's height,
Roll o'er the waters bright,
The distant sea;
Visit the lonely vale,
Outfly the wintry gale—
Thy errand will not fail,
God moves with thee.

Ride on, triumphant Lord,
Thy Spirit and thy word
Shall speed thy way;
Scatter the shades of night,
Command "Let there be light,"
Gird on thy sword of might
And win the day.

Salvation's chariot, roll
On, till from pole to pole
Christ reigns alone;
Till darkness turns to-day,
Till earth shall choose his sway,
And all its trophies lay
Before his throne.

—*Rev. S. F. Smith.*